

# The Nation

VOL. XXVIII., No. 14.]  
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1921.

[PRICE 9D.  
Postage U.K. and Abroad 1d.]

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	465	Hackett, Charles J. Mathew,	
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		C. D. R. Lumley, Millicent	
War Truth and Peace Truth	468	G. Fawcett, F. A. A., John	
The Character of the Irish		Ivory Cripps, Sir Leo Chiozza	
Terror ...	469	Money, Hugh Richardson,	
The New Manchesterism ...	470	Jean Debrit, and others ...	480
A FIFTH WEEK IN IRELAND ...	472	POETRY:—	
A NEW WEAPON FOR LABOR?		The South-West Wind. By	
From an American Cor-		Edmund Blunden ...	482
respondent ...	473	THE WORLD OF BOOKS. By	
A LONDON DIARY. By A		H. M. T. ...	483
Wayfarer ...	474	REVIEWS:—	
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		Humorous Verse. By Robert	
Flume. By O. S. ...	476	Lynd ...	484
The Task of Reason ...	477	A Study in Realism. By	
THE DRAMA:—		C. E. M. J. ...	485
"O'Flaherty, V.C." By		A Declining Literature ...	486
Frank Swinnerton ...	479	The Four Physicians ...	486
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR. By		THE AUSTRALIAN WOOL PROBLEM.	
George Hookham, Francis		By Our City Editor. ...	490

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Events of the Week.

THE Labor Delegation to Ireland have issued a powerful report on the Terror, compiled with care and discrimination, from personal interviews with its victims, sworn statements, the examination of ravaged towns and villages, and even some damning official documents. It destroys the brazen pretence that Sinn Fein set fire to Cork, riddles the official apology for the massacre of Croke Park, details case after case of murder, torture, theft, cruelty, and vile personal behavior by forces of the Crown, and pictures a state of indiscipline, drunkenness, and unholy riot among the Cadets and the Black-and-Tans. No Government of modern times ever had to face such an indictment of their morals and political conduct made by the heads of a great British Party, with millions of followers, who will presently have the tale presented them by word of mouth. The Commission acquit the Government of directly inciting to outrage, their charge being rather one of underhand connivance, with full political responsibility. And they express the conviction that Cork was not burned even as a reprisal, but as a long-planned act of intimidation.

Much interest attaches to General Strickland's report on the burning of Cork city. He is reputed a man of character and courage, some alleged opinions of his on the Auxiliaries have been widely quoted, and he is reported to have already summoned his brigadiers to the task of restoring discipline among the regular troops under their command. We will pay him a full compliment after we have read his report, and are convinced that he deserves it on the double ground (1) that he has thoroughly investigated the conduct of the auxiliaries; (2) that he has insisted on an unexpurgated report. We have, indeed, reason to believe that this document finds expressly that the auxiliaries (not the Black-and-Tans) burned Cork. This is not surprising, as they are said to have openly boasted of their exploit. Certain it is that the General ordered their removal to West Cork, whence they sallied forth and shot young Crowley and Canon

Magner (the priest was taking a stroll and reading his office). This deed might have been hidden but for the presence of Mr. Brady, the Resident Magistrate, whose house, we are told, was afterwards raided, and of a second eye-witness. It is clear that the entire band on the lorry were implicated, for, as they did not interfere, they must either have been guilty of gross negligence or of being accessories before the fact. Why, then, were they not all put on their trial?

MEANWHILE the Labor Party have proposed in substance a mutual truce, based on the withdrawal of the armed forces of the Crown, the employment of the local authorities to keep order, and the use of the interval to summon a Constituent Assembly. All this is excellent; but it is, we think, necessary to call on the Government for some specific acts of amelioration, such as the prompt disbandment of the Cadets, the clearance of black sheep from the R.I.C., and the setting of definite limits to martial law. This cannot be maintained by so small a force as 50,000 men; it would require 200,000. Such a weapon is beyond the power of the Government to forge or wield. Labor would probably strike against it and refuse transport, and the taxpayer would be in revolt. Therefore, unless he changes the direction of his policy, Mr. George is marching to defeat.

THE trial and conviction by court-martial of the editor and proprietors of the "Freeman's Journal" is notable for the enormity of the sentence of twelve months' imprisonment and a fine of £3,500. But this is not its most scandalous feature. Graver still is the nature of the enactment (27a of the Restoration of Order [Ireland] Act) under which the charges were brought, the nature of the tribunal which tried them, and the conflict of evidence given. The charges were based on allegations of criminal misconduct by the Crown forces against Irish civilians and police. These allegations were of the character which has set going the demand for a public and impartial inquiry into their truth. The editor took precautions to establish his statements. But these considerations were irrelevant under Section 27a. It would seem that the gravity of the abuse, the truth, or the honest presentation of the facts only add to the peril in which an Irish newspaper stands if it ventures to handle unpleasing matter. The Counsel for the Crown put the matter bluntly in his address to the court-martial. He claimed that even if the alleged facts were true the tribunal was bound to convict!

THERE were three charges, of which one was withdrawn, while in another four out of the six counts failed. On the third an Irish correspondent writes as follows:—

"This was based on the report of the alleged flogging by the military of a civilian, Arthur Quirke, in Portobello barracks, published with a photograph. On this charge the defendants were convicted, sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, and to a fine of £3,000. The evidence for the defence included medical evidence of the highest authority, the evidence of Arthur Quirke, the victim of the alleged ill-treatment, and of the photographer. If one dwells on this evidence

it is not to impute bad faith and conscious bias on the part of the military tribunal, but to suggest that a military tribunal is an inappropriate court to try a charge in which a civilian appears as the victim, the military as the aggressors, and a newspaper as defendant. It was proved that Quirke was beaten by somebody, not himself. Three doctors of high standing gave evidence that his injuries were received within a period of time which included the period of his detention in Portobello barracks. It was shown that the editor took precautions to test Quirke's story before publication. But the regiment implicated produced a solid 'battalion of testimony' completely at variance with the evidence for the defence. One side or the other was false. The military tribunal accepted the evidence of the implicated regiment."

\* \* \*

OUR correspondent adds:—

"Now the 'Freeman's Journal' points out that exactly as powerful a 'battalion of testimony' was present to prove its guilt in the abandoned charge in the case of the shooting of Patrick Nunan. The officer in charge of the party that shot Nunan, the non-commissioned officers that accompanied him, the privates of their command were all solid in their evidence that Nunan was shot when running away, and not as described by the man himself and his relatives. One fact remained which the 'battalion of testimony' failed to surmount. The medical testimony proved that Nunan was shot in front and not in the back. Therefore this charge against the 'Freeman's Journal' was abandoned."

\* \* \*

AFTER interminable months of patience, the Italian Government has at length acted against D'Annunzio. Had it not done so, it could hardly have enjoyed the benefits of the Treaty of Rapallo, which he and his legion refuse to recognize. It was evidently a matter of touch and go whether the army would attack. Some of the warships which were used to blockade him did in fact go over to him. The attacking force has evidently been carefully chosen, and consists mainly of Carabineers (*i.e.* gendarmes) and Alpini. The news so far is satisfactory. Zara was recovered from his legion before the attack on Fiume began. At Fiume some preliminary successes for the Government were won by assault, and a splinter from a naval shell wounded the poet himself. The civilian population is said to be starving, and the mayor has been sent out with D'Annunzio's "War Minister" to parley. An informal truce already exists. The attacking troops had appreciable losses in killed and wounded, and the spectacle of this mad "patriotism" which has ended in a minor civil war, is naturally deeply painful to Italians. The City Council of Rome even suspended its sittings by way of mourning. There has been some rioting by ultra-nationalist youths in Milan, but on the whole we do not think that Signor Giolitti will lose anything because he has at last acted firmly to suppress an international scandal.

\* \* \*

THE refusal of the Bavarian State Government to disband the "middle-class" Einwohnerwehr, a big and well-armed force of volunteers, which exists, ostensibly, to fight the Spartacists, brings the question of German disarmament to a crisis. The facts, as we read them, are that the Berlin Government, which has, on the whole, carried out its obligations in Prussia, is rather unable than unwilling to impose its will on Bavaria. An important series of articles from a "well-informed" source, is appearing in the "Times," which unveil a big monarchist conspiracy among all the defeated Powers. Its real, but very retiring, head was Ludendorff. Its active agents were his man of confidence, Colonel Bauer, a Major von Stephani, and the Hungarian Jew Trebitsch-

Lincoln, who has been, by turns, German spy and English Member of Parliament. We have had access to evidence which fully confirms the "Times" narrative, and comes, we should guess, from the same source. The source is certainly "well-informed," but it is also tainted, and rests on the word of a man whose oath would hardly suffice to hang a dog. None the less we believe the narrative to be, in the main, truthful, for we have had, from time to time, corroboration from other quarters. Much of the story leaked out months ago, and was published in the Socialist Press ("Freiheit," the "Arbeiter Zeitung," and the "Daily Herald"). The fullest confirmation, however, will be found in the Social Revolutionary news-sheet, "Pour la Russie" (Paris, December 11th), a paper which is equally opposed to the Bolsheviks and to the monarchist "Whites." It publishes a presumably stolen memorandum by General Biskupsi, the Russian soldier who took a leading share in these plots.

\* \* \*

THE ultimate aim of the whole conspiracy was to restore monarchy in Germany, Russia, and Hungary. These three were then to unite to attack France, and reverse the Peace Treaties. A new map of Europe has even been drawn, as ugly in its own way as that of the present victors. The plot had taken several forms, according to events. The first idea was to begin in Germany, and the attempt was made in the Kapp *coup d'état* last March. From that ignominious failure, the plotters learned the strength of the Social Democrats in Germany. They had, however, a much securer base in Bavaria, and henceforth their centre was Munich. They won over Hungary, or so they believed. The Regent Horthy was entirely with them, and so were the irresponsible five who constitute the military *camarilla* behind him. A plan was worked out, but afterwards dropped, to bring German soldiers to Hungary, disguised as agricultural laborers, who were to be taught a new set of tactics invented by Bauer and Ludendorff late in 1918.

\* \* \*

ALL this sounds most alarming. Actually, when one studies the details, one loses this impression. Ludendorff and Bauer are evidently mere children in politics, and the former is also very timid and irresolute in the civilian field. That these people trusted Trebitsch-Lincoln for an hour is enough in itself to dispose of them as serious conspirators. The Russian Biskupsi is a mere adventurer, and a very silly one, whose one exploit was the forging of "Duma" roubles in Budapest. The Austrian plot seems to have gone to pieces, because the reaction there is divided between the pro-German party, which would unite with Germany, and the pro-French party, which would restore the Emperor Karl and the Dual Monarchy. So far as this evidence goes, the German Government was entirely innocent, and, indeed, the conspirators meant to begin operations by a massacre of German and Austrian Social Democrats. The real villains of the piece are the two reactionary Governments of Bavaria and Hungary, which enjoy the special favor of the French. Horthy rules as the head of a mere *clique* of White terrorists. Bavaria, if more respectable, is equally reactionary. If disarmament is to be enforced, it is with Hungary and Bavaria that one should begin. Towards Berlin, in its embarrassments, anyone who knows the facts will feel rather pity than indignation.

\* \* \*

FROM these glimpses of "Satan's invisible world revealed," one turns with a wrench to the speeches made on the League of Nations in London on the eve of

Christmas. In all this plotting and unrest, one is reminded of the intolerable world which the victors have made for the vanquished—a world which some new force, perhaps militarism, perhaps Communism, may shape afresh, unless the victors shift their course. Mr. Lloyd George was in his most optimistic and virtuous strain at the luncheon on Wednesday. He talked of the Geneva Assembly as "a great beginning." He pleaded for the inclusion of Germany and America in the League. He wanted disarmament all round, and congratulated himself on the part which the British Empire had played at Geneva. But it was his nominee, Mr. Balfour, who defeated the proposal to make recourse to the League's Tribunal obligatory. It was his colleague, Mr. Fisher (with French aid), who spiked even the modest proposal to forbid for two years any increase in armaments budgets, over the estimates for next year. To be sure, as Mr. George said, not much can be done, at any rate in naval matters, unless America is included.

\* \* \*

HERE a movement of some promise has set in. The London editor of the "New York World" has done excellent service by collecting and cabling some peace messages from this country, including an important statement from Mr. Long, the First Lord, declaring that we have receded from the two-Power standard in navalism, and now only seek to be level with the strongest Power. A corresponding movement clearly exists in America. Mr. Harding seems to have promised a revision of the naval programme of construction, and a resolution is to be proposed at a meeting of the Senate's Foreign Relations Committee, calling on the President to negotiate with Britain and Japan for a mutual reduction of armaments. It is a pity that America will not work through the League of Nations; but when she moves she moves quickly, and there is both "business" and sentiment behind the naval pacifists.

\* \* \*

THE exciting thing in Mr. George's otherwise minor speech was an *obiter dictum* in which, as the result of reading recent memoirs (we wonder which?), he announced that before August 1st, 1914, "no one at the head of affairs quite meant war at that stage. It was something into which they glided, or rather staggered or stumbled." This we believe to be in the main the truth, but it came strangely from Mr. George. What then was the case for the "knock-out blow"? Why try the Kaiser?—for staggering into war without meaning it? Above all, why impose a punitive peace? But later in the afternoon, the orator had quite recovered his form. He had no mercy for the Turks. It sticks in his mind that they were "treacherous," though what loyalty they owed to any of the Allies has always passed our comprehension. He would not hear of revising the Treaty of Sèvres. He would not deal with Mustapha Kemal—"a mutinous general." Above all, he would not desert the Greeks. His real thought emerged in two passages: "The Mediterranean was vital to Great Britain. They wanted the friendship of the Greek people." Again, he hopes that "the old secular struggle between Turk and Russian was reviving in that area." Is this figure, and not the orator of the League luncheon, the real Mr. George? He hopes for a Russo-Turkish war. He wants Greek support for the British navy. It is a very old world that this mind inhabits.

\* \* \*

THE fact that the Prime Minister gave up part of his Christmas holiday to consultation on unemployment, and that the Cabinet has been discussing the subject

assiduously during the week, suggests that Ministers regard the situation as even more serious than they have indicated in their speeches. On the international side of the question, it is said, special consideration is being given to the provision of credits for the restoration of trade with Central Europe. This would help, but a Ministry which adopts a policy of subterfuge protection is merely dishonest if it leads people to think that credit arrangements alone will restore the economic life of Europe. This depends entirely on foreign policy, because until the Entente changes its attitude to Russia and Germany, it will be impossible to lift the millions of workers in these countries from the pit of poverty into which they sink deeper every month. On the domestic side of the question the Government is trying to escape the consequences of its negligence of many months ago.

\* \* \*

ALL the Prime Minister's promises of the dawn of a new world fit for heroes to live in have vanished. The labors of the Commissions which examined the possibilities of afforestation, land reclamation, super-power stations, and so on, have been wasted because their recommendations touched too closely the interests which have kept Mr. George in power. Consequently the Cabinet is thrown back on a relief levy on employers and on workers who retain their occupation. The programme of emergency work which thus far has been announced is far from adequate, and, therefore, the crucial question is one of financial relief. Are the people for whom work cannot be found to be left to starve, or to pass into the Army under pressure of hunger, or to drift into Bolshevism? The Government says that the country cannot afford the maintenance grants which the Labor Party Conference on Wednesday again demanded, and that, even if the money were available, a return to the demoralizing system of doles would not be sanctioned. But the effects of money relief without work are the same whether the money comes from the State, from private charity, or from levies on industry. The question is one of responsibility, and that the Government has not faced.

\* \* \*

ENGLAND was beaten in the first Test Match at Sydney by not far short of 400 runs. A defeat so decisive argues either a definite Australian superiority or deficiencies in "team-work." And, though it is easy to play the armchair critic, Douglas's management of the game does not appear to have been flawless. For example, Russell is used to going in first, but as this was Russell's opening test match, and he had not been playing steadily it might have been well to reserve him for a later innings. Mr. Douglas also gave Hearne a very long trial, and did not put Rhodes or Hitch on to bowl until after tea on the day the Australians were making their huge second innings score. He also seems to lean a little too confidently on the rather obvious Parkin. Certainly Armstrong's captaincy was extremely resourceful and sagacious, and he managed his bowling with great skill. Altogether, the prospects of retaining the ashes are a little doubtful; if they are lost, it will be consoling to reflect that the Australians' visit to us this summer will be the more interesting. But we shall expect more of our men this week than their performances in the first Test Match, when plainly they played below their individual and corporate form.

\* \* \*

#### "THE NATION'S" IRISH SUPPLEMENT.

NEXT week's issue of THE NATION will include a supplement in the shape of a graphic sketch of Irish policy from 1914 to 1920. It is written by Mr. J. L. HAMMOND.



## Politics and Affairs.

### WAR TRUTH AND PEACE TRUTH.

HISTORICAL judgments, be they right or wrong, are rarely reversed during the lifetime of the generation that makes them. Our fathers regarded the Emperor Napoleon as the aggressor in 1870, and took a cool view of the wrong done to France by the annexation of Alsace and its Germanic population. It was not until our entry into the Entente Cordiale, and our naval rivalry with Germany, that the public began to add 1870 to the general indictment against Prussia. In neither mood were all the facts fairly weighed. We have never supposed that any reversal of the current view, fixed by propaganda, of the origins of the Great War, was likely in our own lifetime. The legend of the almost diabolic action of the German Kaiser, who spent a lifetime in plotting this war, and then coldly, deliberately, and with unfaltering malice, brought it about, had been fixed once for all by the recruiting campaign, and ratified by the General Election. A great weight of national self-interest lay behind it. But for this unspeakable crime, where would be our justification for taking the German colonies, or Mesopotamia, or the colossal indemnity? Or, again, was it not this belief which inspired Mr. Lloyd George to propose the trial of the Kaiser? But it now appears that this belief was a mistake. The myth has done its work, and is now discarded. Truth, say the pragmatists, is what works. This particular war-truth worked very hard. It enlisted millions of recruits, filled the Treasury with war loans, inspired the knock-out blow, redrew the map of Europe, renewed Mr. George's lease of power, and enlarged the British Empire. There is not much more for it to do. It has finished its service, and now, like other war-veterans, it walks the streets among the unemployed, grumbling, if it has still a voice, at the ingratitude of statesmen.

The new truth is a milder recruit, suaver, more charitable, and it was duly born at Christmas. Mr. Lloyd George has abandoned the theory of the demonic causation of the war, and now announces, rather quietly, almost shyly, the new peace-truth. The people, it seems, stumbled into the war. There was no plot, no deliberate incendiarism, no unpardonable sin, but rather a blunder, more or less excusable, in a moment of great confusion. Mr. Lloyd George does not appear to have gone through much spiritual travail in reaching this new truth. One must not compare him to the conscientious clergymen, beloved of Victorian novelists, who ceased, after prayer and fasting, to believe in a personal devil, and then preached the larger hope. He drops his personal devil, and seems quite cheerful without him. Nor do we suppose that he has been doing any laborious historical research. The new truth has been revealed to him, we imagine, by the usual process of lightning intuition. He wanted a new bit of work to be done, and he has called in a new truth to do it. Very rational. Very practical. Entirely worthy of this instinctive pragmatist. The new work, so far as one can gather, is that it seems desirable to put Germany into the League of Nations. The war-truth was the thing for the knock-out blow. If you wanted a long war and a merciless peace (and incidentally the premiership for yourself), well, then, the obvious truth was that your enemies diabolically planned the war. If you want a more comfortable world, if the French are getting on your nerves, if you are growing a little anxious about the general ruin and unrest, if you want to quiet the Nonconformist conscience with the

semblance of a League of Nations, then, again, the plain truth is that they stumbled into the war.

We question a little whether Mr. George altogether realizes the full purport of what he has said. This juggling with war-truths and peace-truths has its inconveniences. For it so happens that the whole settlement of Europe has been based upon the war-truth. It tore up the Dual Monarchy. It erected Poland to be a nuisance to all her neighbors. It planted the Watch on the Rhine. It gave the Saar, to say nothing of Alsace, to M. Clemenceau. It prolonged the blockade. It caused the death-rate of Vienna to exceed the birth-rate by two to one. It has visited "the sins of the fathers" on the children of Central Europe, in rickets, tuberculosis, and malnutrition. It has driven down the mark and the krone, until they have lost all power to buy imports, and the unemployed walk our streets in consequence. It is easy for Mr. George to dismiss this veteran when he has no more work for it to do, but he forgets that in France it is still on the strength. The French (with a good deal of material ruin before their eyes) are not at all likely to discard it until they have cashed the last penny of the indemnity. One does not dismiss a war-truth when 1,300 millions sterling depend upon it. Moreover, the dismemberment of Germany is still incomplete, and there is a powerful school of thought in Paris which reckons on the further working of the thesis that Germany, by her sole malice, deliberately made the war, to wrench from her the Ruhr and Silesian coal-fields, and to sever Bavaria from the Reich.

For our own part, we always were of Mr. George's present way of thinking. We agree that the statesmanship of the Central Powers stumbled into the war, though their militarists did a good deal of driving in that direction, and if villains must be named in this ghastly tragedy, we include among them, together with some German and Austrian personages, the regicide plotters of Serbia and the late Tsar's general staff. Germany, as it happens, after a period of fearful recklessness, in which she turned down an imperfect proffer of arbitration, did move towards peace at the eleventh hour; it was the Russian general mobilization that had something to do with her "stumbling." But even if we had believed that the Kaiser planned the war, we should have been sufficiently placated by his defeat and abdication, without going on to visit his crimes on the children of those German working men who spent the last Sunday of peace in demonstrating against war.

We presume that Mr. George will now be prepared to follow the logic of his new reading of history. He drafted the Treaties of Versailles and St. Germain under a delusion which he has now discarded. The only honest course for him is now to revise them. We hope the Labor Party will be awake to its chances, and invite him to take action upon his historical discovery. The indemnity, after all is not yet fixed, nor has the Silesian coal-field been finally awarded to Poland. No one on this side of the North Sea is giving much attention to the latter business, and yet we have no hesitation in saying that *the entire fate of Central Europe depends on what may happen there in the next two months*. The province at present is under an Allied Commission, which is charged to take the *plébiscite*, and in this Commission the French military element entirely dominates. The *plébiscites* hitherto taken have been creditable to the Allies. Schleswig yielded a decisive result in exact agreement with ethnography. The Danish portion voted overwhelmingly for Denmark, and the German portion as heavily for Germany. The result will stand, perhaps, as the one really satisfactory item in the whole medley



of the settlement. In East Prussia the result of a fair vote was even more remarkable. Here the population is very largely Polish by race, but it is Protestant, has absorbed German culture, and evidently has no liking for the character or prospects of the ramshackle Polish Republic. It voted 95 per cent. for Germany. But then the police in this *plébiscite* was mainly British.

In Upper Silesia the mission of the French is, apparently, to prevent a repetition of the East Prussian fiasco. The garrison is French, and is composed of the Chasseurs Alpins, with their admirable mountaineering equipment, chosen because the French general staff believed that Haute Silésie, flattest of flat plains, must owe its name to some unexplored Alpine range. Under the shelter of this garrison, the Polish agitator, Korfanti, is directing a process of intimidation which is almost worthy of our own Black-and-Tans. It is probably necessary. The majority in this province is certainly Polish by race, but it speaks a dialect unintelligible to cultivated Poles, it has been under Germanic rule for seven hundred years, and it is only very recently that any part of it was aware of its racial affinity with the Poles of Warsaw. The elections under manhood suffrage for the Reichstag used to show a heavy majority for the German parties. In 1919 both the Polish Nationalists and the Spartacists gave the watchword of abstention from the polls. The former declared that as the province was no longer German, it would be an act of national treason to send deputies to Weimar. The result was that the various German parties polled 70 per cent. of the whole adult population, and that under free and fair conditions. The Poles who prefer to remain under German rule have very intelligible reasons for desiring the superior civilization. They are mostly miners, and they know very well that in all matters of health, housing, payment, safety, insurance, and labor conditions generally, they are infinitely better off under Germany. They know something of the dirt, disorder, disease, poverty, and oppression across the frontier. They know also that even now a German mark is worth five or six Polish marks. Above all, they are free from conscription as they are, whereas under Poland they would be subject to a militarism much worse than that of Prussia ever was. To counteract these arguments, Korfanti, under French protection, terrorizes to-day, and threatens, literally, massacre to-morrow, if the *plébiscite* goes against Poland.

Apart from this aspect of the matter, the loss of Upper Silesia, as everyone knows, would complete the ruin of Germany.\* This field supplies the whole East of the Reich, and accounts for a fourth of the whole German supply, and is, moreover, in its potential yield possibly even more valuable than the Ruhr. The Treaty is ambiguous, and though it seems to make provision for German needs, if the province should be lost, it gives no right of pre-emption. The certainty is that under Polish rule, the output would diminish, and one of the most productive regions of Central Europe sink to the level of the rest of this misgoverned State. Even were the coal forthcoming, the effort to pay for it must be disastrous to Germany's trade balance. For our part, we doubt whether, under these conditions of intimidation, which Mrs. C. R. Buxton, the latest eyewitness, saw before the French authorities expelled her, any *plébiscite* at all should be taken. In any event, the Treaty, which provides for the voting on the spot of Germans, born in the province, who reside outside it,

ought to be loyally observed. Their arrival may give confidence to the terrorized local voters of their persuasion. But it is not too late to amend the scandal. If vote there must be, then let the Commissioners be replaced by men who will perform their duty impartially, and the garrison by troops who will not openly make common cause with the Poles. We believe that the loss of this province, which means visible ruin to Germany, would precipitate a violent crisis, for it would make the settlement finally unbearable. Here is the first case for Mr. Lloyd George to apply his new reading of history.

### THE CHARACTER OF THE IRISH TERROR.

THERE is a passage in Bolingbroke, if we remember rightly, in which he describes the true statesman as the man who can remember that the world in which he is administering affairs for the moment began before him and will continue after he is dead. We wonder what Ministers who are responsible for the state of things described in temperate language by the Labor Party Commission imagine is the future of Ireland. The answer, no doubt, is that none of them look beyond the next Session.

But what do those Englishmen who can look ahead think about the future? Roughly, our position in Ireland is that of Germany in Belgium. Terrorism is the force on which we rely. Our position differs from that of Germany in this respect, that our methods of frightfulness are rather less sensational, and that they have been carried out less under command. The German soldier burnt or shot under orders from his officers. The burnings and shootings in Ireland have been carried out more by *condottieri* acting on their own initiative. Sir Hamar Greenwood's account of Balbriggan, for example, describes a body of one hundred men, under no kind of authority, taking lorries and petrol and burning and killing, and returning to their barracks, as if they were a perfectly independent body of freebooters. In this respect our frightfulness differs from the German. But it remains frightfulness, and it is by frightfulness that we are holding what authority we possess. The report of the Labor Commission speaks, for example, of the number of people who are "on the run" in Ireland. In one important town all but five of the town councillors are "on the run." Now what does this expression mean? It means that men who are interested in politics, some of them Irish Volunteers, and in that sense belligerents, but many of them Sinn Feiners or trade unionists who have no connection with the Republican Army, live in a perpetual expectation of capture. They do not sleep in their own beds; they move from place to place; they are always on their guard against surprise. Sir Hamar Greenwood uses the phrase, amid the answering cheers of the House of Commons, to describe the steady progress he is making in reducing Ireland to order. The innocent might suppose that these men are in danger of arrest and trial before a court of law. No such thing. *They are in danger of murder.* When at last they are surprised in bed, they are carried off, not for trial, but to the nearest backyard or the nearest river, to be shot or drowned. "Attempting to escape," is now becoming one of the commonest forms of death in Ireland. When all the ordinary processes of law are suspended, and a countryside is put under the authority of a force raised in another country for the purposes of terrorism, this sort of thing is inevitable. You get the terrorism by which order was maintained in the Balkans. The report gives a picture of

\* The whole case, both economic and political, is put most clearly in Mr. Sidney Osborne's "The Upper Silesian Question." (Allen & Unwin.)

Tralee: "The whole population seemed to be sunk in the depths of morbid fear and contagious depression. There is no curfew in Tralee, but the streets become bare soon after the hour of darkness sets in. . . . We were told that the Town Council was compelled to meet in secret in some hidden ravine. Petty tyranny, beatings, intimidation, raids, threats of violence against husbands uttered to wives, brutal assaults to make boys forswear Sinn Fein, to denounce the Pope, to spit on photographs of the late Lord Mayor of Cork, to chant the battle-cry of the R.I.C. . . . had left their mark upon the inhabitants. . . . Names painted above shops in Irish characters have had to be obliterated under penalty of vengeance. . . . The Black-and-Tans used to drive about in lorries, trailing a Sinn Fein flag through the mud." It is not surprising to learn that the disease of St. Vitus's dance is rapidly increasing.

Now the German terrorism in Belgium had a definite object. It was the German way of deterring the Belgian civilians from attacking soldiers or otherwise giving trouble during the occupation of Belgium. The Germans wanted to hold Belgium during the war, perhaps to hold Belgium after the war, by military power. But even the Government does not pretend that we mean to hold Ireland by military power for an indefinite time. We are not going to annihilate the Irish population; we cannot remove Ireland to some other part of the globe. Ireland is there at our door, and there she will remain. What, then, do our politicians expect next year, five years hence, ten years hence, as the result of this terrorism? They answer that they will break the spirit of Ireland and intimidate her into a docile acquiescence in any system we may seek to impose. Do they seriously think this? The Labor Commissioners were immensely impressed by the romantic passion with which the youth, and even the childhood, of Ireland are throwing themselves into the Sinn Fein movement. The execution of Kevin Barry was followed by great accessions to the Republican Army from the Dublin University. In the slums of Dublin and Cork little children form fours, march, and drill for the day when they will rid their country of this filthy visitation of the Black-and-Tans. Intimidation might produce a temporary success of a kind, and the Government try to make the nation believe that such a success is within their reach. But for Englishmen who are thinking of the future, the question is not whether an abominable system of terror can divide the ranks of Nationalist Ireland or bring about a modification of her immediate demand, but what sort of Ireland we are to have in the future. At present we are creating an Ireland in which the first instinct of every self-respecting man is to hate England. Sir John Moore, after seeing something of English rule in Ireland, said, more than a century ago, that if he were an Irishman he would be a rebel. Six years ago, Irishmen, thinking England was going to give them their freedom, were so well disposed to us that they were ready to help us in the war. Can anybody imagine that an Ireland brought up on memories of the outrages committed by English irregulars, and the insolence with which these men bear themselves before the Irish people, will cherish anything but profound hatred for the very name of England?

The Government's policy leads nowhere. It would be intelligible, though abominable, if this people meant to devote its energies to holding down the Irish people by force, and to prepare for all the military and diplomatic dangers that are inseparable, for a generation to come, from a permanent quarrel with the Irish race. On any other assumption it is madness. The alternative policy is to make peace, and that is the policy which the

Labor Party is about to urge on the country in an active campaign. The obstacle to peace is racial pride; the arrogance of men who think, as the Germans thought, that it is the mark of superior worth to give orders and not to discuss terms. Our politicians are so far gone in their contempt for all liberal ideas that they think the present reign of terror in Ireland is less disgraceful to us than a frank recognition of the view that Irish Government is a matter for the decision of Irishmen and not for Englishmen. Six years ago Germans thought that the atrocities in Belgium were less damaging to German honor than the admission that Germany could not give orders to her neighbors. Englishmen appreciated her mistake, but they are now copying it. We have to make peace with Ireland in order to bring to an end a state of things that disgraces us, and in order to secure a tolerable life in the future for both peoples. Lord Grey reminded the House of Lords in October that we were only just in time in giving self-government to the Transvaal. How much time is left to us in Ireland?

### THE NEW MANCHESTERISM.

LIBERALISM is the creed and policy of personal liberty. Therefore it belongs to it to restate and to enlarge from time to time that creed and policy in conformity to the changed conditions of society. During recent years various Liberal thinkers have endeavored to lay down the lines of a new Liberalism which should provide the positive contents of opportunity without which liberty is little better than an empty word. Two deep-cutting criticisms of the older Liberalism have been the common characteristics of these restatements, first its neglect of the State as a safeguard and a constructive organ of human welfare in departments outside the narrower spheres of defence and justice; secondly, the falsity of its underlying assumption that freedom of contract and of competition did, in fact, exist and furnished adequate securities for justice and humanity in the social order. Here, as elsewhere, theory followed rather than preceded practice. The growing departure in legislation and administration from the old practice of *laissez faire*, the new part of Government in industrial regulation, education, and hygienic, and other functions, compelled Liberal theorists to recast their thought.

War experience has everywhere been a forcing process, and the novel pressure of events presents a sharp challenge to the solid, but shrunken, body of the Liberal Party to make a rapid adjustment to the demands of the new social order. Unless such adjustment is made, Liberalism as the party or the creed of progress appears doomed to swift extinction, or to a lingering life of futility and decay. Considerable interest may, therefore, be claimed for the bold and comprehensive attempt to formulate a new Liberal policy on its industrial side in a little volume written by Professor Ramsay Muir, in close co-operation with a little group of business men in Manchester. ("Liberalism and Industry." Constable.) It represents a serious and disinterested attitude of mind, quite evidently moved by the fear lest the nation may be captured by a revolutionary Labor Party, unless Liberalism can rally to the rescue.

What, then, must Liberalism do to save and be saved? The general indictment of the injustice of present economic arrangements from the standpoint of the workers is admitted. They

must have security for a larger share in wealth and other fruits of civilization, including health, education, leisure, and, in particular, security against the risks and degradation of unemployment. But Professor Muir fully recognizes that a mere improvement in working-class conditions which might have brought industrial peace in former years will not now suffice. The new factor of class-consciousness demands recognition. It carries two important "affects"—to use the appropriate term of the new psychology. One is resentment against "profiteering," a charge none the less passionate because it is ill-defined. The other, related to it, is a positive, sometimes even an arrogant, demand for a control over industry by the workers.

These two pressures, taken in conjunction, make either for Socialism or for Syndicalism, according as one or the other is chiefly stressed. For it is anger against "profiteering" that gives the most specious appeal to State Socialism, the demand that public service shall become the conscious and directing motive in industry instead of the private gains of capitalists and *entrepreneurs*. On the other hand, as Professor Muir justly interprets, a strong and a more revolutionary strain in the Labor movement on its populous trade union side makes for the establishment of something like a dictatorship of the proletariat in this country. The industrial structure will be transformed, and Labor take the place of Capital as the dominant factor. By stressing the "contradictory" nature of these two tendencies Professor Muir seeks to dispose of the claims of the Labor Party to bring Liberal policy up to the requirements of the age.

But is he right in regarding them as contradictory? Contrary they are, sometimes discordant in their behavior, but are they necessarily incapable of harmonious conjunction? In order to prove their incompatibility, he unconsciously misrepresents both Socialism and Syndicalism, by the common process of treating these extremes as representative. It is easy to do this with a movement which so readily lends itself to formal resolutions and programmes that often far exceed its normal mind and intention. Professor Muir insists that the Socialism of the Labor movement cannot halt at any point short of complete State ownership and control of all industries (page 60), while he is equally insistent that the Syndicalist trend requires that the "complete" and "absolute" control of each industry shall be vested in the workers (page 64). Neither of these insistences accords with the main tendencies of the Labor movement, or with the concrete proposals put forth for handling the mines or railways. The old State Socialism, with its bureaucracy, is as much discredited among Labor men as amongst Liberals, and, though there is an extreme left wing of proletarian dictators in Labor circles, most of them are not even professed adherents of the National Labor Party. Strong trade unions, like other giants, are fain to abuse their strength in arrogant demands for control. But the general body of the movement, including the *personnel* of its political leaders, is neither committed nor inclined to such control. On the contrary, the formative influences in Labor are working towards some harmony of the two main critical tendencies, not dissimilar in kind from that which Professor Muir himself expounds.

For he, like they, is obliged to incorporate a measure both of Socialism and of Syndicalism in his policy. With both alike it is a question of How much and How fast? So far as Socialism is concerned, it may frankly be admitted that Professor Muir goes, or is prepared to go, a good long way, at least as far as an exclusively Labor Government in this country would be likely to go within,

shall we say, its first full Parliament, even were it unhampered by a House of Lords. The nationalization of mines and railways, with a representative government by all the factors concerned, a drastic control of trusts and cartels by regulation, taxation, and, if necessary, national ownership, the taxation of land values and increments with large powers of public purchase, large public provisions for housing, health, and education, public guarantees for minimum wages, leisure, and unemployed pay, coupled with a taxation policy in which indirect taxation (except of luxuries) disappears, and income taxes and death duties on an advancing scale form the sources of normal revenue, with a capital levy, as an emergency measure, for reducing the war debt to manageable dimensions—these and other proposals go a fair way in the Socialist direction. Indeed, there is one far-reaching proposal which, we think, may be taken as a test for the surrender of past privileges that is of the essence of the new Liberalism. It is to the effect that in all well-established businesses a limitation should be put upon the amount of profits distributed to shareholders, the excess profits being divided between the State, the workers in the concern, and the shareholders in proportions prescribed by law. This proposal belongs to what is the most ambitious, because the most difficult, part of economic construction, the attempt to substitute for the existing capitalist government of industry a government in which Capital, Labor (initiative and executive), Consumers, and the State, should all be represented. Though we find here, as one might expect, a fuller realization of the importance of the part played by the capitalist and *entrepreneur* than Labor usually admits, the constructive policy marks a striking advance from pre-war days to a revolutionary reconstruction of the industrial order. The insistence that "social service" should not be substituted for, but combined with personal gain, as an industrial motive, is a formal repudiation of the Socialist spirit. But it does not really contravene the opportunism which Labor leaders in general are willing to concede in any concrete case.

Regarded as the outline of a programme, this goes very far towards meeting the immediate demands of the accredited Labor Party, and far beyond any pre-war proposals emanating from the most advanced radical quarters. If the general body of free Liberals were ready to advance with Professor Muir and his new Manchester School, it might be that a quick and glorious resurrection were awaiting the otherwise doomed Liberal Party. Or, if a substantial body of these new Liberals were able and willing to co-operate with the main body of the Labor Party (probably shedding a minority of extremists), such a combination might seem able to do what seems otherwise impossible, *viz.*, to break down this Government of bandits and set in power a body of men honestly devoted to saving civilization from its impending ruin, and to building it on a foundation of peace, justice, and humanity.

We do not undervalue the service which Professor Muir and his fellow-workers perform in these proposals. But we have two questions to put, upon the answer to which depends their early efficacy for practical politics. The first is: "How large and influential is the portion of the 'free Liberals' (dismissing the Coalition Liberals as lost souls) that can be trusted to accept and work for the attainment of this industrial policy?" We do not dwell slavishly on numbers. But if there exists a strong survival of the older Manchesterism, unwilling to make the enlargement of State functions and the large surrender of private profit-making enterprise and business control which are the essentials of the New Order sketched by Professor Muir, the idea of a glorious resur-



rection for Liberalism as a ruling party in the State is quite illusory. This does not mean that the future, or some considerable future, may not lie with them. But it does mean that they cannot in the present emergency hope to win an election, form a Government, and carry out their policy.

If this is so, any present value for their proposals demands a co-operation, formal or informal, with the Labor Party, and this course has grave difficulties from the other side. Labor is suspicious of a Liberalism whose leaders, alike in Parliament and the country, have never advanced as much as half-way along the road laid down by Professor Muir. Only by convincing Labor that it cannot by itself destroy this Government, undo its evil works, and build the foundations of the new social order, and that, therefore, it should welcome such aid from Liberal quarters as is necessary to achieve these ends, can success be achieved. But this persuasion must come from inside the Labor Party. Let Professor Muir address himself to Liberals, convincing them of the errors of their ways and urging them to enlist under his brighter banner. A perhaps harder, though not less necessary, task awaits those Labor men who, aware of the advantages of a working alliance for this period of emergency with such sections of Liberals as are in substantial and sincere agreement with them on the next steps towards a pacific reconstruction of Europe, a free Ireland, a sound national finance, and an industrial order based on equal opportunities of wealth, leisure, education, to all classes of the people, together with the essentials of self-government in industry, will set themselves to preach this gospel to the suspicious and over-confident elements in their own party. For only from such a spirit of forbearance, goodwill, and mutual confidence, based on a common movement against reaction, can there emerge a reasonable hope of rescue and recovery for this nation.

#### A FIFTH WEEK IN IRELAND.

WE continue this week the diary of our correspondent:—

In General Tudor's call for recruits he draws attention to the magnificent service which is being rendered to the Empire by the Auxiliary Division of the R.I.C. . . . their influence has been of the greatest value." That is the opinion of some in authority; there is another opinion in the whisperings on the countryside.

Dec. 11th.—An ex-policeman, home for Christmas, says: "Those Black-and-Tans are a terrible class. One of the old police in G. said to me the other day, pointing at one of them, 'That is what we have to put up with now.' The standard reduced, little chaps of no character. There are two, he told me, that were sent from F., where they are suspected of having stolen £120. Filling their pockets from the people in the name of law and order."

"They went into C——'s house, and took a pair of brown boots and some books. Then they went into J.'s, that is employed by the post office, and were taking his bicycle, but he said, 'I will lay my complaint at the barracks if you take Government property,' and when they saw it was a red bicycle they left it. . . . Some that were robbed complained about it after—Mrs. O. and another—and they were sent for to the barracks, and an officer brought out Black-and-Tans and said, 'Tell me if you recognize them.' But though they knew them well, they would not say so, knowing, if they did, their houses would be burned in the night."

Dec. 12th.—"The police say they found a head and

a hand in the same place, the pond, where the Loughnane brothers were found, but they didn't belong to their bodies. It is from the police that comes."

Dec. 13th.—No covert shooting this year, no guns allowed; Mrs. X—— calling, tells me that the Black-and-Tans are shooting hers and the neighboring woods without leave, and carrying off the game.

Dec. 14th.—They were in the town again last night, stopping and searching the people that had been at the Rosary and were coming away, making them open their jackets and searching them, boys and girls alike. Yes, and children, too, they searched; and a few nights ago they looted the street, going in and bringing away even clothing. They are a terrible class. We are haunted by them, killing, and burning, and robbing, whipping you off in the dead of night. Look at what they did to those Loughnane boys. And they burned Z——'s barn after, because it is there they were waked—burned it to the ground. And on the Holy Day they came looking for the other Loughnane, the comrade boy that dreamed where they were to be found; and they said, if they got him, he would never be at the inquest to give evidence. Worse work they are doing than ever was done by Cromwell. It is the District Councillors they are looking for now, at A——, and up on the road they went to L——'s, but he was out, and they said they would call again. It is drink that urges them. I saw the lorries leaving the town the day Mrs. Quinn was shot; the men in them were firing, and two of them were lying back lifeless, as if drunk."

"A notice is put up at the chapel that sick calls in the night time are not to be sent to Father X—— but to some other priest, for he is likely to be fired at if he goes out by the Black-and-Tans."

"Whenever they come to town, eight men of the old police go to keep guard over Father X——'s house that is threatened by them because he gave evidence at that inquest. What, now, will happen if they go in and shoot him? Will the old police shoot them again?"

"Four counties proclaimed . . . not to harbor a rebel! And who would give up anyone he was sheltering in the house? The poorest creature has some fireside to draw to at Christmas time, but God help the boys on the run!" I think of Browning's Garibaldian:

"The State  
Will give you gold—oh, gold so much  
If you betray me to their clutch,  
And be your death for aught I know  
If once they find you saved their foe."

Yet it was in England these Italian rebels and those who succeeded them had their name changed to "patriots."

"The men who had refused to work for Lord —— have been forced to go back, the Black-and-Tans going to their houses and threatening to burn them down if they would not."

Another says: "They put up a notice in the village that if his workmen did not go back to work by the 1st of December, their houses would be burned. It is about land the dispute was, and they would not work for him. Is he some great man in the Army, or what great influence has he to make them do that for him?"

"What are they at all, taking away and murdering the two sons of a widow? There are some of them leaving B—— and coming to that house by the river. It is likely it is to bring prisoners to, they will find more facilities there to hang them over the bridge; for the place they are in now is, as Cromwell said, without a tree for hanging or water for drowning. A bad class; it is not drink that urges them on, it is cruelty."

One of them, proposing to marry a girl from another county, says: "I am not like the others, it was a great

shock to me to find what sort of men they are. *I don't like killing people.*"

Dec. 24th.—News of the invasion of Aran; some islanders wounded and shot. In Synge's "Playboy," Pegeen Mike says: "If I'd that lad in the house I wouldn't be fearing the loosed Kharky cut-throats or the walking dead"; and the Lord Chamberlain's censor ordered this passage to be cut out, "together with any others that might be considered derogatory to His Majesty's Forces." It is likely those Forces are being spoken of this Christmas Eve in Aran in yet more loaded words than even Synge's fancy could create.

As to the "old police," there is quite a friendly feeling growing up towards them. A Christmas beggar, showing me a pair of boots given him by a policeman,

says: "They haven't much use for them: they're getting the time idle enough."

Christmas Day.—"Father Z—— spoke after Mass advising the people to keep no money in their houses, for if it is taken they will get no satisfaction." "Hard work at the Banks; since the robberies at C——, a week ago, all the people are bringing in their money to save it from the Black-and-Tans."

"The best of the officers . . . retired into the background and left the field clear for the operations of certain black sheep of the mess room, whom the citizens, in the humor which then prevailed, came not unnaturally to look upon as representatives of British character and conduct." I have just been reading this in Sir George Trevelyan's "American Revolution."

## A NEW WEAPON FOR LABOR?

[FROM AN AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT.]

For several months there has been in progress in the United States a nation-wide movement of the interests opposed to Labor for the open, or non-union, shop. It has been accompanied by propaganda looking to general reductions in wages. The public, believing the success of this campaign would hasten relief from high prices, has been inclined to give its support.

Recent strikes on the railroads, in the coalfields, and in the steel mills, have caused a strong public reaction against renewed efforts to enforce Labor's demands with the strike weapon. Demands for "less work and more pay" are frowned upon.

The Labor Unions, confronted with a growing public sentiment for anti-strike legislation to cover all basic industries, find themselves in a difficult situation. The workers are restive, but their leaders know that to call new strikes may be to invite the destruction of Labor's organizations in the United States as at present constituted.

The need is for some new and more effective weapon with which to fight Labor's battle, some weapon that cannot be outlawed by the legislatures and the courts, and will not arouse public hostility. The strike weapon is outworn. Labor's new ambition to "control industry" cannot be realized through the strike. Is there another way?

A few leaders of American Labor believe they have made the great discovery. They are the officials of the International Association of Machinists, a compact organization of 350,000 skilled workmen, with \$2,000,000 of Union resources. Their substitute for the strike weapon has already been used to fight the machinists' battles with a considerable degree of success.

The discovery was made during a strike of machinists at the port of Norfolk. Six hundred and twenty-seven machinists had walked out when the employers refused to renew their agreement with the Union, and announced that their plants would be run thereafter on the open-shop plan.

The strike had been in progress only a few days when the machinists' officials learned that there was an overdue mortgage against the Crescent Machine Works, the largest of the Norfolk plants, in the hands of a local bank. All the workers were instructed to withdraw their savings from the bank holding the mortgage. When the bank showed signs of running short of ready cash, representatives of the Union went to its officials with an offer to buy the Crescent mortgage. They offered cash. The offer was accepted, and the mortgage came into the hands of the Union.

The Crescent officials spoke plainly when the Union asked a new conference to negotiate an agreement. They would be glad to come to a settlement, they said, if it were not for the fact that there was a mortgage outstanding against their plant.

"So long as we hold out for the open shop we're safe," they explained. "But if we sign your agreement the Iron Masters' Association will take over that mortgage and close us up."

The Union negotiators brought out the mortgage.

"If you don't sign, we'll close you up."

The Crescent works resumed operations as a Union shop, paying the Union scale of one dollar an hour, the next day. The smaller plants hastened to follow the Crescent's example. The strike was settled, but the game was not played out by any means, the Union soon discovered. The banks were beginning to shut down on the credit of the deserters from the open shop principle.

The employers put the case frankly to the Union. They could not continue operations without credit. Their credit would be renewed by the banks only if they went back to the open shop. What was the Union prepared to do, if they did so? Would the strike be renewed?

This development was unexpected, but the Union officials moved quickly to meet it. It was not necessary to break their agreement to get credit, the employers were told. So long as they stood for the Union shop principle and paid the Union scale, the Machinists' Association would give them all the credit they needed. The employers wasted no time in seizing the opportunity.

Their complete victory in Norfolk taught the machinists' officials many things. It taught them, for one thing, that fighting with financial weapons was far less expensive than fighting with the strike. Had the strike been permitted to continue, it would have gone on for at least twelve weeks before a settlement could have been reached. A twelve-weeks' strike, with 627 men out, would have cost the Association \$60,192 in strike benefits. The money paid for the Crescent mortgage, which brought them control of the largest Norfolk machine shop, was not an expenditure, but an investment. That was a fact worth remembering.

The workers' real opponents in Norfolk had not been the employers, but the interests able to grant or withhold the credit the employers could not get along without. When they took control of the credit situation in Norfolk, control of the Labor policies of all the city's machine shops went with it.

Similar tactics might again be employed in isolated cases, but would it ever be possible to employ them on

a nation-wide scale? The machinists' officials believed it would. After all, the money that had given their opponents control of the credit system was not their own money. It was "other people's money"—money deposited in the banks by all kinds of people, a large part of it by the workers themselves. If the workers' deposits alone could be controlled by men friendly to Labor, they might ultimately be able to compete for control of the whole credit system.

The agencies through which the present control was exercised were the banks. Therefore, the International Association of Machinists founded a bank—the Mount Vernon Savings Bank of Washington. The bank invited the deposits, not only of the Union's own members, but also of the general public.

Other prosperous Unions were encouraged to start similar institutions of their own. A million dollar bank was established in Cleveland, on November 1st, by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. The idea is being considered by other Unions. Ultimately, the machinists' officials believe, there will be a chain of strong Labor banks across the country able to compete for the control over industry that the control of credit gives.

This kind of control, however, is not the control to which Labor aspires. The workers want the kind of control that goes with possession. There are only two ways of gaining such control: by confiscation or by purchase. Confiscation by the workers is impossible in the United States. Is purchase also impossible?

It seemed so at first, but as they thought upon it, the machinists' officials began to see new possibilities. They considered what the railroad workers could do if they were able to save the total of the \$625,000,000 recently added to their annual wages.

The total of American railroad stocks outstanding is, approximately, \$6,500,000,000. If the railroad men invested their increase in railroad stocks, and reinvested their dividends, they would become owners of \$3,490,000,000, a substantial majority of all the stock outstanding, within five years. If the stocks could be bought at present prices, which are far below par, they would acquire control within three years.

It worked out well on paper, but probably in practice it would not. However, the machinists were unable to see any reason why the principle could not be applied to smaller industries, not so highly capitalized as the railroads—machine shops, for instance.

The officials are sending out new appeals to their members to save every cent they can. They are convinced that Labor's battles of the future, when the strike weapon has been taken away, will be fought in the field of finance with weapons that only the workers' savings can provide.

For the investment of the workers' savings in accordance with the new strategy, the officials of the Association are planning the establishment of an investment department within the Union. Other Unions are being urged to establish similar departments, so that there may ultimately be appointed a financial general staff with command of all these resources.

In preparation for the new method, questionnaires are being sent out to all members of the Union asking information on the nature and the extent of the investments they have already made. The replies will be used to map out a strategical chart for future operations. In the meantime, an attempt will be made to consolidate these investments, so that proxies for the machinists' stock may be given to officials of the Union to permit them to attend stockholders' meetings of corporations in

which their members are interested, and present Union Labor's point of view to their officials.

The Union has already taken over several small machine shops in the vicinity of Washington, where Labor troubles have been chronic in the past. Proposals are being made to the stockholders of all the Norfolk plants that are expected to result in the purchase of their stock by the Union and the consolidation of all the shops into a great model plant to be owned, operated, and financed by the International Association of Machinists.

The machinists' officials have not had much time to work out general theories; they have been too busy meeting practical situations. They are convinced, nevertheless, that they have found the way out for American Labor; a way that is legal and orderly; a way that may ultimately lead to the control of industry through ownership—but still bears no relationship to "Bolshevism" or any other "un-American" doctrine.

## A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

THIS Government are a shameless lot; but even their effrontery will be hard put to it for a defence against the Labor Party's impressive report on their Irish atrocities. For 120 years no British administration has had so foul a taint imputed to it. How can they escape? The Labor report makes the merciful assumption that the Government did not "directly and definitely" inspire the policy of outrage, though they must bear the fullest responsibility for it. Did they not? If terrorism had succeeded they would have pocketed its reward. And if the campaign of murder and outrage is not physically theirs, what act of moral incendiarism have Messrs. George and Greenwood omitted? They enlisted the band of freebooters—a "class weapon," if ever there was one—and allowed it to roam Ireland as a White Terror, which may at any hour be transferred to these shores. They put it under a special command. They fed it with applause speeches. They concealed its worst deeds, and palliated what could not be hidden. They started and paid the Press organ which primed these men with stealthy suggestions or open incitements to outrage. If they had wanted to stop the Terror, they could have intervened long ago. They must have heard, even from their own officers, of the growing demoralization of the force, and of the drunkenness, theft, and inhuman cruelty of which both Auxiliaries and Black-and-Tans were guilty. *But they made no examples.* And on any theory of responsibility they must have committed countless acts of official aid and encouragement. The report gives an official document authorizing the supply of "goggles"—i.e., eye-masks—for "night-practice." How many scores of such orders will be revealed when Ireland can make her full complaint of the horror that was let loose on her?

THE Commission, I am told, was especially disgusted with the brutal bearing of the irregulars, their public drunkenness (apparently quite unchecked), and their coarse demeanor to the people, men and women alike. The regulars were better, though they were getting more and more loose and undisciplined in their ways; but the Black-and-Tans and the Cadets filled the picture, and the horror they excite of the English character and name is likely to last for generations. Nor did the Commission feel that Ireland was cowed. Here and there a town like Tralee



had been ground to the dust, and children, pregnant and delicate women, and elderly folk had suffered greatly in body and mind. But the visitors were struck with the demeanor of Young Ireland, its proud idealism, and resolve to suffer all, to the end, and not to yield.

ETERNAL justice (says the poet) built the gates of hell, but a little human folly made the war. It was a muddle, and we just blundered into it. Nothing criminal in the little affair, and the supposed malefactors (those that are alive) are dismissed with a caution, and may go home arm-in-arm with the war-propagandists and with no particular stain on their characters. So says the preacher and part author of the knock-out blow, and he ought to know. But what a relief to the historians! No more grubbing into archives, on the track of the infamous Hohenzollern or the homicidal Graf von X—. Well, it is a relief to know; though it seems a little careless of Mr. George not to have said so at Versailles, for then some thousands of little Huns and Viennese might have been let off the penalty they have paid for the imagined sins of their pastors and masters. I always thought that there was nothing vindictive about Mr. George, and that when he had won his election and done his best to hang the Kaiser, he would make a handsome acknowledgment that German criminality was only his fun. A trifle of indelicacy, perhaps, in the admission; but dead men tell no tales, and ghosts lack ears to re-hear the fables that their mortal shapes took in.

THE death of many public men may have caused a greater sensation than that of Judge Mackarness, for his office withdrew him of late from the general eye, none a deeper or more affectionate regret. Liberalism is a phrase or a fashion for many who profess it; to Mackarness it was a passion and the pursuit of a lifetime. He lived for it when he was in Parliament, and it did not cease to influence his thought when he became a judge and had to give his faith a wider and less combative expression. To Mackarness, so broad and fine an aspiration as he cherished was more of a religion than a political idea; for it sprang from the gentleness no less than the perfect honesty of his nature. He loved men, and he loved to see them treated with justice; and being a fine, true, and sympathetic gentleman could not bear to see the marks of meanness and brutality on his country's policy. Yet he was no fanatic, and his mind, clear and exact, and singularly apt at legal or semi-legal argument, served him well in the conduct of the great national causes to which his heart was devotedly attached. Those causes were especially India and South Africa. The first he helped (and helped greatly) to win; the second is still in issue. He gave offence to the merely politic by the quiet persistence of his pursuit of them; and though a discourteous, or even a harsh, expression was foreign to his lips, he disliked trimming, and it was his habit to speak faithfully of it. Thus, his life was a continual service, never concluded, but not unfruitful, though all its prizes were impersonal.

MACKARNESS'S manner and bearing reflected the nobility no less than the sweetness of his character. He was without egotism; his mind and heart were given to others, and a certain grave affectionateness in his address, no less than a singular delicacy of speech, testified to the interest he felt in their personality, if only it possessed some kinship of feeling with his own. His face was handsome, and gentle in expression, which, in spite of the military moustache, made it unlike a soldier's. Yet

a soldier he was; enlisted for the war in which nowadays few seem to care to fight. Death came to him suddenly and with no warning to his friends.

LORD SHAW'S reminiscences are to appear in the spring, and should be great reading if only for the light that they will throw on Campbell-Bannerman's personality and Ministry. The two men were close friends—Lord Shaw was "Thomas" to "C.-B.," and their confidence was such as one brother Scot uses to another. He should, therefore, be able to tell with authority the story of the making of the Government of 1905—the crown of the long and patient, and entirely honorable, strategy which gave to Liberalism its last great electoral victory. The tale has been slurred in some recent renderings of it, and even a little mis-told. In fact, it was a brilliant crown of "C.-B.'s" career. He did not, indeed, live to give it substantial fruit; that issue fate and a waning life forbade. But it is indispensable that "C.-B.'s" view of the transaction should go out through the mouth of a fellow clansman like Lord Shaw.

MR. THOMAS CATLING was a patriarch of an older Fleet Street that I never really knew, the street of Edward Lloyd and the first Lord Burnham. It was (to me) a quite incomprehensible mixture of Bohemianism and respectability, and Mr. Catling was its Grand Mufti. He settled its quarrels, presided over its revels, and (I am sure) made it feel as if it were a kind of church. This it was not; but its historian will always be able to present Mr. Catling as a perfect certificate of its character. In his day there were few shrewder editors. The existing Sunday paper must have caused him some qualms in his retired old age; certainly it was a different thing from the "Lloyd's" of his patient husbandry. Modern taste would, I suppose, refuse the journal of Catling's prime the title of a great paper. But none of its rivals or successors ever disputed the title of "Lloyd's" to be called a link of Empire—the homely and home-reminding companion and messenger of the emigrant Englishman.

I was glad to see Mr. MacDermott, of the Everyman Theatre at Hampstead, making a success of his Nativity Play, and to note the pleasure his audience seemed to take in it. It was agreeably, and with a little rehearsal should be smoothly, played, and had at least one great attraction in the appearance of Ellen Terry as the Sibyl. I could imagine nothing more satisfying than her reading of the prologue. Before she had spoken half a dozen lines she had fulfilled the author's purpose to bring the story down to earth and make it seem a reasonable and simple argument, such as any sensible person could understand. That was exactly the right way to speak, for thus one could catch the homely sweetness of the play, and put one's fancy in tune with the unquestioning medieval mind that wrote it. Let me add that there was a splendid Herod, a kind of Marlowe's Herod, of a ripe and luscious wickedness.

FROM the diary of an Irishwoman:—

"Here we stand, 'with a heart for any fate,' fronting the season of Peace in the midst of murders, and torture, and burnings, and lootings, and imprisonments—but, thank God, still wholly steadfast. What a Christmastide! One has to have lived through it to gain even a faint notion of what the horror is. As one passes through a town one notes arrests before one's eyes, one hears of some man's narrow escape the night before by one-eighth of an inch from the assassin's bullet. One reaches a station and is met by the news of the wounding of a man, the father of six children, two miles away the previous night, the hold-up of the priest

going to his help, and the deliberate return of the assailants and final murder of the poor fellow. Plate-glass windows smashed, burned houses and industries and public buildings greet one everywhere. They have ceased to be a novelty.

Our latest piece of interest is a notice in the — last night from 'the Anti-Sinn Fein Society' that unless the three officers kidnapped in Cork are returned by the 24th, Tralee, Listowel, Killarney, Killaraghin, and Drumanway will be burned, and a definite number of persons in each place, the names of whom to be killed are already chosen. The number allotted to Tralee is twenty-nine. You know, of course, that some 700 of our Dubliners are already in prison.

"We are now under martial law. The aggressors hold their own courts, and deliver solemn verdicts on their own doings. We have no inquests. There, also, 'justice' is done by the aggressors upon themselves. No redress, no appeal, legal representatives of the sufferers denied admission. Harboring, aiding or abetting a person whose sole crime is that he stands by the freedom of his country, is punishable by death. Several of our priests are in hiding, as in the old penal days. A doctor was recently arrested for attending wounded Sinn Feiners.

"And, after all this, with the price of freedom already paid, we are expected to acquiesce in being a part of that system which has made us suffer these things. God forbid."

A. WATPARER.

## Life and Letters.

### FIUME.

THE harsh North wind, with the Greek name, blew down the hard streets of Trieste; the electric light failed, perhaps as a fresh tribute to Malatesta, and the fur-capped, flat-faced peasants huddled together in the great draughty station, speaking outlandish tongues.

No one knew quite when the train would start for Fiume, or at what hour it would arrive. Italian officers, Arditi, and Wolves of Tuscany gesticulated in groups outside the obsolete train. Cloaks, daggers, and the feathers of eagles proclaimed, rather melodramatically, that the Roman Legions were assembling once more, under a new Cæsar. The flowing black ties of the Arditi proclaimed that the new Cæsar was also, and obviously, a poet. It was a strange mixture of efficient militarism, high ideals, and a somewhat theatrical *vie de Bohème*, but there flickered, like flame, through the noisy, rapid chatter, an enthusiasm that has died out of the other poor and war-worn nations of the West.

The groups broke up and settled themselves noisily in the carriages, and we began our interminable journey over the stony, frozen hills.

The somewhat Jugo-Slav lady in the corner complained bitterly that the cause of Fiume was a massacre of the innocents, that its army was entirely composed of children. The officer next me was smuggling into the Regency two enthusiasts of sixteen years of age, who insist on joining the Legion. One of them told me that he had tried to get over the border a year before, but had been turned back by the Italians. Both were evidently caught in the magic net of d'Annunzio's words, and their pockets were heavy with speeches, prayers, and threats, which they had, at the cost of immense labor, copied out from the poet's books and manifestoes. If they could not get through to Fiume on the train, they would walk over the mountains; and thousands of boys all over Italy would do the same. They flock to the New Crusade from Sardinia and Sicily, from great towns like Milan and Naples, and from withered cities like Ferrara, Mantua, and Parma. But, beside enthusiasm, there was another reason for this exodus. At eighteen or nineteen years of age all Italian

subjects are conscripted, and the more imaginative ones prefer to go earlier and of their own accord.

After journeying for five hours our first passport troubles began, and my time was taken up in proving that I was not Lord Curzon of Kedleston. The soldier suspected me. He could not read easily—but he could read that name on my papers. Perhaps he felt dimly that he had heard it before. However, after some time, and with the help of a Tuscan wolf, I disproved the allegation, and was allowed to proceed on a journey that became a thicket of passports and questions.

At last, after many hours, we arrived at Fiume. Below us lay the huge empty docks and warehouses, that seemed in giant disproportion to the size of the town. The lights of d'Annunzio's fleet winked wickedly below us; and a noisy animation and general vitality heralded us into a new land.

One of the reasons advanced for the seizure of Fiume is that the bay is Italian by "right of landscape." This, though it sounds a rather remote reason, is true enough. It belongs to the same order as Genoa or Naples. With its spur of hills sinking into the opalescence of the far sea, and the quivering, misty outlines of the islands, you feel that you are once more in Italy, whereas Trieste is a different and an alien bay.

The day sparkled with cold and sun. Outside the hotel is the chief piazza, where the Governor has placed two flagstaves derived from those of Venice. And in the piazza itself loitered a crowd, surely more fantastic than any ever sheltered by the bubbles of St. Mark. Every man seemed to wear a uniform designed by himself; some wore beards, and had shaven heads like the Commander, others cultivated huge tufts of hair, half a foot long, waving out from their foreheads, and a black fez at the back of the head. Cloaks, feathers, and flowing black ties were universal, and all carried the "Roman dagger," and among this young and swaggering crowd were two veterans, in Garibaldian uniform, with red waistcoats and long white hair.

The army of the Regency can be divided roughly into three parts. The first and biggest division consists of Italian Romantics and Patriots, spiritual grandchildren of Garibaldi, gathered by the glamor of the Regent's name and words. Next in number are the Futurists, who, while disapproving of d'Annunzio as a writer, claim him as a leader who takes no heed of yesterday or for the morrow. Thirdly, closely allied to the Futurists, are the professional soldiers who definitely prefer war to peace. It is possible to illustrate these divisions by extreme cases. We met an officer, a close friend of d'Annunzio, who was a poet and refused to accept pay for his services. To the second division belongs Keller the Futurist, a bearded giant somewhat resembling Augustus John, who flew over Rome and pelted the venerable Giolitti's Ministry with beetroot. This was acclaimed by the Press as a "Futurist gesture by Keller."

Thirdly, we met a man like a tiger, covered with medals instead of stripes; he was a Sardinian who had been imprisoned for murder and was released by the Italian Government, on the outbreak of war, on condition that he promised to devote himself to slaying the enemy. He took thirty Austrians prisoner, and is reported to have strangled them with his own hands. This individual, however, was extremely shocked by the doings of the "Black-and-Tans" in Ireland, and smashed an empty champagne bottle just behind our heads as a protest.

Thus, in a curious way, d'Annunzio unites idealists with criminals, and joins those who love the past of Italy with those who hate it. Some are drawn to him

by the idea of a new Roman Empire, mighty in arms; others by the fervor of his words and the glamor of dead cities like Venice and Ravenna; while the Futurists, who agree with Marinetti in thinking Venice a city of dead fish and decaying houses, inhabited by a people of waiters and touts, see in d'Annunzio's policy the means of making Italy a great and insolent Power, with cement houses, great music halls, and an efficient train service.

In spite of what we are told by the English Press, and even if he were to collapse, Gabriele d'Annunzio is, and would remain, the Idol of Young Italy. When he rides out into the stony countryside the people, be they Italian or Croat, strew the ground with flowers. In England, if d'Annunzio mentioned someone immediately asks, "Is he crazy?" But to the Italians, a simple people unused to the high moral tone, stern eloquence, and political sanity of a Lloyd George, oblivious to the subtleties of a Bonar Law, and to the prophetic qualities of Messrs. Winston Churchill and Bottomley, d'Annunzio remains a patriot and a great poet. To them he is the man who has done more for the Italian language than any writer since Dante, and the patriot who alone stood out against the futilities of the Peace Conference. Finally—and it is a popular claim in Italy—he is supposed to have been the cause of the fall of President Wilson, whom d'Annunzio refers to as "That cold-hearted maniac, who sought to crucify Italy with nails torn from the German Chancellor of the Scrap of Paper."

We walked slowly up the steep hill, built in the well-known, late Renaissance, style of any Municipal Council—for it was formerly the Town Hall. Inside there is a large, square pillared hall, which d'Annunzio's exotic imagination has filled with pseudo-Byzantine flower pots containing palms, and where soldiers lounge and typists rush furiously in and out. Above are four galleries, and out of one of them, facing the sea, are the closely guarded rooms of the poet. For hours at a time he remains shut up in his apartment, refusing to see anyone. And in the hall below we spent two days of a monotony, broken only by a two-hours' lecture on the political situation of the Regency, delivered by the Foreign Minister. This gentleman has the unique distinction of being the only bore in Fiume. Though this is well known, we found it out for ourselves. In appearance he belonged to the moustachioed, tactical-authority type; and while we balanced in agonized positions over diminutive maps, he laid down the law in that flowery French, reinforced with a twang like a guitar, which is the official language of so many Italians. But at the end of two hours we were informed that the Commander would receive us the next day. At five o'clock the following evening we were shown into d'Annunzio's private apartment. The room was a fairly large one, with little furniture, and with walls almost entirely covered with banners. On the inner side, supported by brackets, stood two gilded Saints from Florence, whose calm eyes gazed out over the deepening color of the Fiumian Sea. On one table, near the fireplace, stood a huge fifteenth-century bell—made by the great bell-maker of Arbe—and presented by that island to the Regent. On the centre table were many papers and a pomegranate (d'Annunzio's symbol), and in front of it sat the little poet. Completely bald, with only one eye, nervous and tired, yet at the end of two minutes you felt that extraordinary charm which has enabled him to change howling mobs into furious partisans.

First he talked of England, of his admiration for Shelley (whose death he himself had tried to imitate at the age of fifteen in the Gulf of Genoa), of sport, and the English greyhounds "running wild over the moors of

Devonshire." There was not a little of absurdity to barbarian ears in his discourse, but through it there ran the thread of his eloquence and fascination. We asked him to talk of Ireland, but, with a true feeling of hospitality for his guests, he refused. Instead, he told us of Fiume, of his great loneliness there; of how he, who loved books, pictures, and music, had remained there for fifteen months surrounded by peasants and soldiers, and of how the Italian Government, relying on his roving temperament, were trying to "bore him out."

We heard of the reckless enthusiasm of his legionaries, and how difficult it was to keep them at peace. Weary of waiting for battle, they must fight one another, and in a sham contest it is no unusual thing for there to be many serious casualties from bombs and bullet wounds. In his Proclamation of the Fiumian Constitution, d'Annunzio announced that music was to be "the religious and social institution of the Regency of Carnaro." Shortly after this he invited Toscanini, the eminent conductor, to bring his orchestra over from Trieste and give a series of concerts. It is related that the Governor organized one of these fights for the orchestra to witness. Four thousand troops, among whom were the two Garibaldian veterans, one aged seventy-eight and the other eighty-four, took part, and one hundred men were seriously injured by bombs. The orchestra, which had been playing in the quieter intervals, dropped their instruments—fired by a sudden enthusiasm—charged, and captured the trenches. Five of them were badly hurt in the battle!

We questioned the Governor about his seizure of the two islands in the bay, of which the enemy Press has made so much capital. These two small islands were handed over to Jugo-Slavia by the "Treaty of Rapallo," but the inhabitants, who were mostly Croat, came to him and asked to be annexed. They said they did not mind to whom they belonged, but they must belong to the same country that governed Fiume, otherwise they would lose their trade, and starve.

D'Annunzio told us, also, of the strange conversations which he holds with the people from his balcony. When a crowd assembles he goes out and asks them what they want; someone answers, and gradually a direct intercourse is built up between the people and their ruler. This he claims to be the first example of direct communication since Greek times. Several of these conversations have been printed and are extremely interesting to read.

As we left this Land of Youth the next day, we observed our two friends, the Garibaldian veterans, making a simple but hearty meal of oysters, crayfish that looked like aeroplanes, and cherry-brandy—the staple, if somewhat exotic, foods of this strange country.

O. S.

November.

#### THE TASK OF REASON.

We suppose that the most widely influential force of the last hundred years has been the criticism of religion. Wars have been terrible beyond all power of estimate. Revolutions in forms of government and in societies have been frequent and far-reaching. The discoveries and applications of natural science have completely changed the methods of production, commerce, and locomotion. Medicine has acquired far greater knowledge of physical life, and has probably increased its capacity for extension, energy, and pleasure. But astonishing as so many changes in knowledge and habits have been, we doubt whether any have been so powerful and widespread as the change wrought by criticism in



religion. Even in Europe, where thought has always been more unstable and adventurous than in the two other old continents, there were centuries in the past during which some form of religion was generally accepted without much examination or dispute. But the hundred years just behind us have violently differed from them. In the history of religion, they have been pre-eminently an age of questioning, criticism, and revolt.

It is true that Mr. Joseph McCabe begins his new "Biographical Dictionary of Modern Rationalists" (Watts & Co.) with the year 1600. Under the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries he can justly include some of the greatest names in the history of Rationalism; such names as Locke, Spinoza, Bayle, Kant, and Voltaire (whom he calls "immeasurably the greatest Rationalist who has ever lived"). But if we accept Mr. McCabe's own definition of Rationalism, we must agree that the last hundred years have seen it more widely diffused and more influential than even in the eighteenth century, with which the word is usually connected, or perhaps than in any previous years of history. He tells us that "in the course of the nineteenth century the term 'Rationalist' has been adopted as the most fitting name for those who uphold what is vaguely called the supremacy of reason in the discovery and establishment of truth." The characteristic of the Rationalist, he further says, is that in the ascertainment of fact he affirms the predominance and validity of reason over revelation, authority, faith, emotion, or instinct, and he proceeds:—

"Rationalism is therefore primarily a mental attitude, not a creed or a definite body of negative conclusions. No uniformity of opinions must be sought in the thousands of men and women of cultural distinction who are here included in a common category. The one link is that they uphold the right of reason against the authority of Church or tradition; they discard the idea of revelation as a source of truth, and they deny the authority of a Church or a creed or tradition to confine the individual judgment."

Of Rationalists under this definition, we are told, only about a hundred names are chosen for the period before the French Revolution, and they are overwhelmingly Deists. Possibly some two hundred names then belong to the period between the French Revolution and the middle of the nineteenth century, and already a material change can be detected in the list. "The Deists sink into a minority, while Pantheists and Non-Theists increase. The vast majority of the names in the work belong to this and the last generation, and they are predominantly the names of Agnostics, Positivists, Monists, and others who do not accept any fundamental religious beliefs."

The number of "men and women of cultural distinction" who are classified as Rationalists in the dictionary is considerable. Without having counted, we reckon it at about two thousand. Deists, Theists, Pantheists, Positivists, Secularists, Agnostics, Ethical teachers, a few definite Atheists, and a few of other beliefs or disbeliefs are included. There is one conspicuous group—men and women certainly "of cultural distinction"—who must needs, we think, come under the definition, but who might be a little impatient with many of their neighbors if they could see their company in the list. We mean the Group of the Regretful. In the middle and latter half of last century, many of the finest minds found it impossible to accept any longer the doctrines of Christianity according to the Churches as an inspired form of religion specially revealed by God for Man's salvation, but they continued to look back upon their lost belief with a mournful yearning, such as some

people feel for the lost innocence of their childhood. Deep in their hearts glimmered still an afterglow—a *Nachschein*, as Carlyle called it—of Christianity, and probably it was never put out. Among this "Group of the Regretful" one must place Carlyle, himself the greatest of them, Ruskin, his disciple, Tennyson, its sweetest singer, and Browning, who strove hardest to maintain a working union with the past belief. Among them also one must, perhaps, count Emerson, and Matthew Arnold, in spite of his strenuous efforts to teach how one might keep the new wine from bursting the old bottles. Critical above all, careful to save only the bare and inmost kernel of past beliefs, letting all the increments of dogma and superstition be shed away, he, too, could utter that poignant note of regret:—

"While we believed, on earth he went,  
And open stood his grave,  
Men called from chamber, church, and tent,  
And Christ was by to save.

"Now he is dead! Far hence he lies  
In the lorn Syrian town;  
And on his grave, with shining eyes,  
The Syrian stars look down."

The truth, though it blast me? "Truth," cried Carlyle's Teufelsdröckh, "though the heavens crush me for following her; no Falsehood! though a whole celestial Lubberland were the price of Apostasy." That the men who, in all sincerity, could utter that cry were also pierced with regret for much which they had to abandon, only adds proof of their spirits' nobility. Tolstoy might also be included in this group, if he is to be counted among Rationalists at all, as Mr. McCabe counts him, though with some hesitation. He was excommunicated by the Orthodox Church, but on the side of conduct and the spiritual aspect of the life, he was so far more Christian than most Christians that it is hard to think of him as a Rationalist. As Mr. McCabe says, whether he is to be termed so or not depends on one's definition.

So much depends on definition! We have seen that the man is a Rationalist who, in the ascertainment of fact, affirms the predominance and validity of reason over revelation, authority, faith, emotion, or instinct. But, then, the word "reason" itself must be defined. If we remember right, the philosophers used to tell us that there were various kinds of reason, or perhaps two kinds sufficient for ordinary purposes. We think the Greeks had separate names for the two, and that Germans call one *Verstand* and the other *Vernunft*. We suppose, therefore, that the mind works reasonably in at least two different ways, and when we are told about the predominance and validity of reason, perhaps we ought to ask in which of those two ways it is assumed to be acting. We question also whether the most dogmatic of Roman Catholics, for instance, would allow that any dogma of the Church was opposed to reason, or unsupported by reason. And then the further question comes in sight, whether a man's "individual judgment" is more likely to be reasonable than the authority of a Church, which, by definition, must not confine it. Alas! How many reasonable people does one meet in the course of a lifetime? How many capable of reason? How many who possess even a glimmer of reason's light? "The world is governed by passion, not by reason," said the great German historian, and the course of the last twenty years of Europe has proved how right he was.

But let us limit reason to the "ascertainment of fact"—the power of judging evidence. That power has been called the highest aim of education, but, in

that case, what a failure our system of education is! Apparently, there is scarcely one in a thousand with enough reasoning power to judge evidence in the simplest cases. Think of the fictions, scares, and "stunts" during the war; how eagerly they were swallowed! That German governess, those Russian troops, those platforms prepared for hostile artillery at Willesden Junction! Or think of Spiritualism, and the zest with which English and Americans have gulped down the revelations of "Raymond" and Mr. Vale Owen about life in other worlds than this. Where is reason gone? What regard is paid to the laws of evidence? People long to be deceived, as of old, and they get what they long for. Is there not a school of so-called philosophy which says that what people long for is likely to be true? That a doctrine is true because it "works"? Poor little reason does not have much of a chance among these raging forces of passion and "will to believe." It is almost a miracle that, in the course of three centuries, even two thousand men and women of cultural distinction could have been raked together as Rational or Rationalist in a dictionary.

But, in point of fact, the dictionary is limited to people who have tried to follow reason and the laws of evidence in examining the forms and beliefs of Christianity as generally accepted. Their reasoning has been limited to the subject, critical and negative. In their courts of inquiry, they have striven to shed the common passions of mankind, and the desire to be deceived. They have, by definition, left out of account emotion and instinct, both terribly strong forces among men and women who have not attained to cultural distinction. And to the mass of people the result may appear a little chilly—a little devoid of beauty, and of the attractive power which many forms of Christianity possess in their appeal to history, association, and a widespread form of ritual and worship. We should add the appeal to the Founder's personality, but probably the majority of the Rationalists in the dictionary would seek to retain that in any case. Mr. McCabe, in his preface, tells us:—

"The Dictionary represents a revolt of modern culture against the Churches. In the ethical sense many of the men and women included here have retained to the end an appreciation of Christ and Christianity. . . . But the revolt, intellectual and emotional, against the creeds is seen to be overwhelming in the world of higher culture. . . . It is a new *Götterdämmerung*."

It may be so. We may admire these new and rational stormers of old heaven, just as we admire the Stoics of the past, though perverse human nature has often found Stoics and Rationalists rather cold company. Or we may take refuge in the sayings of two men of cultural distinction, both included in the dictionary. "My child," said Dr. Jowett to Mrs. Asquith in her girlhood, "you must believe in God, in spite of all that the clergy tell you." And, "I am always so glad to hold my tongue," said Goethe, "when people begin to talk about God."

## The Drama.

### "O'FLAHERTY, V.C."

THE Stage Society completed its activities for the old year by scoring a miss and a hit at the Lyric Theatre, Hamersmith, a fortnight ago. The miss was a curious farrago entitled "Forerunners," by Mr. H. O. Meredith, in which a large number of unsightly persons, dressed in prehistoric skins, behaved in a bestial manner and spoke in self-conscious modern English. I did not grasp the purport of this play. It pictured two young lovers in

flight because the girl's father would not accept the number of cows offered for her purchase by the suitor. But the suitor also was a grasping fellow, and when his bargain was won he wantonly repudiated his mistress and secured the outlawry of his enemies. For this they so beat the girl that she died, after making a lengthy speech mystically outlining the principles which she believed to govern the continuity of life. Thereafter her lover took his enemies upon a perilous expedition, saw them betrayed, himself accomplished every possible duplicity, and at the end of the performance was left unscrupulously master of the situation once more. Mr. Meredith's thesis appeared to be that victory is always to the ruthless: but if he intended no more subtle a proposition he could have expressed himself with greater effectiveness by writing these familiar words in an article, and leaving the stage alone. His play was an uninspired tedium, his characters not imagined, his language pompous and lifeless. The audience was left puzzled and unconcerned. The production by the Stage Society of anything so entirely without interest as creative literature shows what a dearth there must be of good plays suited to public representation. It also shows how blandly writers without dramatic gifts will assume a power to utilize the theatre for their obscure ends.

It might be laid down as a rule—I expect it has been so laid down by all writers upon the subject of dramatic technique—that no play ought to be performed unless its theme is perfectly clear. And, as a supplementary rule, that no play ought to be performed unless for some reason it can be made entertaining in the theatre. These two rules would save the dramatic critic a good deal of trouble, and in the end would raise the standard of written plays. How easy it is to entertain, even with material dramatically indeterminate, was shown by Mr. Shaw's "O'Flaherty, V.C.," which was the Stage Society's hit, or *bonne bouche*. This play was apparently written for recruiting purposes during the war, and it is the sort of recruiting play which one might expect Mr. Shaw to write. I doubt very much whether it would have produced a recruit: but it dwells upon very material points in favor of joining the Army. It compares the pay of British soldiers with that of the French: and it shows the outrageous difficulties of domestic life in contrast with the quiet which a man might enjoy upon active service. The whole play is full of whips and daggers for those who are still laughing at an earlier flick, and the other day the merriment became suddenly hushed as the awful subjects of England and patriotism were blasphemed. It was strange to notice this, and to feel that even the cosmopolitan audience of the Stage Society is capable of receiving shocks from Mr. Shaw.

But Mr. Shaw's plays have always been very insulting, and the insults are so evenly distributed that an audience, however shaken, always picks itself up again and runs to the next laugh not directed against its own idols. "O'Flaherty, V.C." is about things still taken seriously by Mr. Shaw and his audience—about lies and humbug and the causes and purposes of the war—but among all its seriousness and its nonsense there is so much wisdom, and so much that is reserved to a racy and unsentimental understanding of human bedevilment, that the play belongs to dramatic literature. It is not merely a squib or a recruiting appeal. It is the work of a man whose wit will always wake a theatrical audience to life. That Mr. Shaw shocks and wounds is made clear by some of the solemn protests I have read against the bad taste of such a play. Mr. Shaw is so busy clearing our minds of cant that he has no use for the politic or the Fabian method of securing results. He wants instantly a world of people as clear-sighted as himself. His home-truths have as their object the creation of such a world or the buffeting of all who oppose its creation by muddled emotionalism. His first impulse is to insult stupidity, and to shame it.

He is doing this all through "O'Flaherty, V.C." The hero (brilliantly acted by Mr. Arthur Sinclair), his mother, his sweetheart, and the English landowner, all play into Mr. Shaw's hands. The Englishman is the merest butt, and the sweetheart has only cupidity to

mark her personality; but the two others, moving among the small bundle of traits to which they are confined by Mr. Shaw's peculiar vision, are extremely effective as dramatic creations. They entertain us, and they represent creatures who interest us. They thus have theatrical reality. When, further, the Stage Society audience was presented with an irresistible series of witticisms directed against the men of most nations, against its own cherished sentimentalities, against all sorts of things that have exasperated Mr. Shaw during the whole of his life, it responded by tumultuous applause. Even by itself, "O'Flaherty, V.C." would have been amusing and provocative. Coming after "Forerunners," it seemed to many people to be a Godsend, and created a *furor*.

FRANK SWINNERTON.

## Letters to the Editor.

### LAW AND GOSPEL.

SIR,—In your leading article this week you ask what we should do if Christ reappeared in our society to-day. I once heard Jowett in the University pulpit ask the same question; and the answer: "He would be written down."—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE HOOKHAM.

Willersey, Glos. December 29th, 1920.

### THE IRISH ASSASSINATIONS.

SIR,—I have read your articles on Ireland with deep admiration and gratitude, but there is one recurring note of condemnation which puzzles me. "Wayfarer," on November 27th, does not dwell on his condemnation of "the Irish murderers," but he does maintain that part of Ireland has taken a wild and cruel path, and that the savage and despairing elements in Ireland have not been held in check. On the face of it, this seems fair. A section of Irishmen have shown themselves ready to assassinate offending officials, and to pursue the police and military with force. But is it really fair to stigmatize these acts as wild, cruel, savage?

It seems to me that the determining act of cruelty and savagery has been the act of Britain in implanting in Ireland a force of Imperial semi-military police whose business it has always been to throttle nationalism. It is true that for many years these police have moved around peacefully and unobtrusively. But we all know that the moment Nationalist Ireland procured arms of any kind these police automatically became aggressive, and the suppression of Nationalist Ireland went actively forward. We also know that the patience of Nationalist Ireland could be traded on, and was traded on, by Britain; and that many men not in the least wild or cruel or savage were driven to realize that only by violence could the complacency of your country be shattered, and England awakened to the fact that Ireland is forcibly held in political subjection. How, except by violence, I ask you, could this be accomplished? Is it not true, as Gladstone acknowledged, that only by violence was the land-agony brought home to England? And has not Ireland tried every other means to arouse Britain until the hearts of Irishmen are sick? I do not counsel murder, but I believe that homicide is not necessarily murder, and I think it is cant to call these Irish assassinations "murder." Assassination is the inevitable weapon of a small nation impounded by the military police of a great Empire. Take away the throttling anti-national police and you take away assassination.—Yours, &c.,

FRANCIS HACKETT.

421, West 21st Street, New York City.

December 15th, 1920.

### THE PORT OF LONDON DAY NURSERY.

SIR,—We venture to ask you if you will be good enough to make known to your readers a lecture which is most generously being given by Professor J. Arthur Thomson, M.A., LL.D., to raise money so that the Port of London Day Nursery may be kept open during the present unemployment

crisis. The Day Nursery is at 5, Pier Head, Wapping, and it serves one of the very poorest districts of London. For many of the children who come there it is the only source of food, warmth, and clothing; it is no exaggeration to say that under present conditions the Nursery is carrying on life-saving work.

Professor Thomson's lecture will be held on Friday, January 7th, at King's Weigh Hall, Duke Street, W. 1, at 3.30. The subject is "Wonders of Animal Life," illustrated by a number of beautiful lantern slides. It will be specially adapted to interest children. Full particulars can be obtained from us at the addresses given below.

This lecture will be so valuable on its own merits that we hope an announcement through your columns may be of service to your readers as well as to the suffering families whom it is intended to relieve.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES J. MATHEW (K.C., L.C.C.),  
Chairman.

10, Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C. 1.

PAMELA MCKENNA, Vice-Chairman.

36, Smith Square, Westminster, S.W. 1.

### THE FATE OF GENERAL BALAHOWICZ.

SIR,—Allow me to protest against your misrepresentation of my correspondence in your issue of December 11th.

You cite as a "gross instance of misinformation" two telegrams of mine about General Balahowicz, which, published at only two days' interval, are more or less contradictory. If you will examine the dates you will see that the first was written on November 30th, the second on December 4th. During the last days of November Balahowicz was still at large in White Russia at the head of a force which had increased from 3,000 to about 10,000 owing to desertions from the Red Army; he remained therefore, as I described him, a serious antagonist. Four days after the date of my first telegram he was indeed a fugitive in Warsaw. No one with any experience of warfare in Eastern Europe will be surprised at this sudden change of fortune. The collapse of Wrangel, or of the Red Army before Warsaw, was relatively just as swift.

Starting with this perversion of the facts, you proceed to make me responsible for "battles between soldiers and sailors in the streets of Petrograd, risings in Moscow, and a rising in Nijni-Novgorod led by Martoff." I have never announced anything of the sort. On October 10th I gave currency to a well-authenticated report, in which Martoff, together with other well-known Social Revolutionaries, was stated to have denounced the Soviet Government from Nijni-Novgorod. There was nothing surprising in this, since Martoff and his party have repeatedly denounced the present Government in Russia; but a denunciation is not a rising.

The risings in Russia, though frequent enough, do not, as a matter of fact, occur in the towns—for the most enterprising among the town-dwellers have deserted them—but in the country districts, particularly in the South and West, as Mr. Wells, Mr. Brailsford, or any other informant in whom you have confidence will find if he tries to go there.

As your statements go very far from the truth I shall be obliged if you will publish this correction.—Yours, &c.,

C. D. R. LUMLEY,  
Correspondent of "The Times" in  
Warsaw.

Hotel Bristol, Warsaw, Poland.

December 20th, 1920.

[The telegram in question began with the general statement that "reports are multiplying of risings against Red Rule in different parts of Russia." The meeting at Nijni-Novgorod is said "to have issued a call for the summoning of the Constituent Assembly." That, if true, would mean the beginning of a counter-revolution. Martoff is not a Social Revolutionary, but the head of the Social Democratic (Menshevik) Party. A journalist who writes about Russia should surely be better informed.—ED., NATION.]

### THE CRIMINAL LAW AMENDMENT BILL.

SIR,—I wish to associate myself with the protest which I know is being made by many women's societies against Clauses 3 and 7 of the Criminal Law Amendment Bill (No. 2) H.L. (as amended by the Joint Select Committee) now



before Parliament. These clauses are totally at variance with the principle of an equal moral standard for men and women, and all approximations to them in practice have been found by experience to be futile and mischievous. It will be nothing less than a scandal to rush such legislation through before Christmas, when, from the nature of the holiday season, there will be little opportunity of effective protest.—Yours, &c.,

MILlicENT G. FAWCETT.

2, Gower Street, London, W.C. 1.

#### IS THERE A NONCONFORMIST CONSCIENCE?

SIR,—I agree with everything your correspondents have said about the apathy and timidity of some of the official leaders of Nonconformity. But there are others on whom we can confidently rely. I am sending you an extract from a Christmas sermon by Dr. Charles Brown, an ex-President of the Baptist Union and an ex-President of the National Free Church Council. Preaching to a crowded congregation in his church at Ferme Park, Hornsey, Dr. Brown said:—

"The Christian voices which were heard when the Armistice was signed were hushed by the election cries here and the cry for revenge in the Treaty of Paris. The one man who held up the Christian ideal to the world at that time was silenced, and retired broken in health and broken in heart by the voices that clamored for revenge. There are men amongst us who ought to be denounced from every pulpit in the world, who believe that the way of war is the way to peace, and that you are never to trust another nation but to go on piling up armaments, men who have no use for the commandments of Christ. Some of them bring Him the flattery of their lips, but have no idea of living in His spirit. Even ten millions of slain men, and still more millions physically and morally crippled and maimed, do not suffice these people. They would lapse back into the old bad ways and policies, and one can only hope and pray that the vast populations of the world will refuse, under any conditions whatsoever, to fight and kill one another. If statesmen, who are usually above military age, will decree war let them go and fight it out among themselves, and not send the young life of the nation as sheep to the slaughter, while they remain at home in safety boasting of their patriotism. War has always been an evil, but in old times, which we call barbarous, kings and noblemen who made war did at least lead their own forces into battle, sharing, and indeed being in the very forefront of danger. If fathers and sons are wise and not fools, they will register a solemn vow never to touch war again. That would compel politicians to find some other and saner way of settling international disputes than the bloody arbitrament of war. We must take the way of Jesus, who said, 'Love your enemies and do them good, bless them that curse you and pray for them.' We do not like that way—we like the way of reprisals. But it is Christ's way, and it is a fatal fallacy to say that it ends in a Cross. It does not. It ends in a resurrection and the triumph of love, and it always will if men dare to follow Christ."

—Yours, &c.,

F. A. A.

Reform Club. December 27th, 1920.

SIR,—I am glad to see the letter from my friend, Rev. J. H. Lees, of Rugby, and I agree with nearly every word of it. But I do think that, probably without intention, he is rather less than fair to the "Baptist Times," a paper we are all very proud of. It has been for a long time one of the ablest religious papers in the country. I think it is unfair to suggest that the view taken by the "Baptist Times" is that the Peace Treaty squares in all its main provisions with the Fourteen Points. No paper in England has argued more strongly, or more ably, that "the true test is whether the Treaty carries out in substance and spirit the purpose for which the war was begun and carried on"; "that, judged by these tests. . . it does not contain the elements of security and finality, but, on the contrary, sows the seeds of future enmity and conflict, and makes unlikely, if not impossible, that general disarmament which can alone enable the world to repair the ravages of war." All these sentences are taken from leading articles written at the time the Treaty was published. No paper, too, has shown more convincingly that without a real League of Nations the Treaty will not work, and that without the admission of Germany the League itself will not work. Many of us have greatly admired the fearlessness and statesmanship of all these articles; and I

cannot think the general attitude of the paper would be at all understood by anyone who read nothing more than the passing reference made by Mr. Lees.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN IVORY CRIFFS.

10, Beaufort Road, Edgbaston.

#### A NEW EVENT IN CHINA.

SIR,—It is always the unexpected that happens in China, at least, that is what the old hands say. The Yunnan-Kweichow troops who made their sudden onslaught on Szechuan exactly three years ago, and after about a month's campaign succeeded in establishing themselves in the province, have been as suddenly defeated by a lightning rising of the Szechuanese, and have departed to their own place.

The significance of this event in Chinese internal politics must be great, but it is not easy to see what direction it will take.

One thing seems certain, the break-up of the South-Western Federation. Already, Canton had split off from this group, and the original Parliament had departed from that centre and established themselves in Chungking, making this great commercial city the focus of political activity also. Their stay here proved to be a short one, for within two weeks after their arrival it became evident that the sudden outburst of energy on the part of the Szechuanese army was likely to result in the defeat of the Yun-Kwei armies, and the Parliament made an ignominious retreat to Shanghai. Yunnan and Kweichow remain now the only supporters of the original Parliament, the so-called Constitutional Party, with the partial support of Kwanghsi province. All three provinces are largely mountainous, with a very scanty settled population and little agricultural prosperity, but with a good number of pastoral and nomadic peoples, from which armies are easily called into being.

One beneficial result from this defeat of the Yunnan-Kweichow army of occupation will be the abolition of the opium trade in Szechuan. For the last three years the Southern provinces have been exerting pressure on the farmers to grow opium, and the soldiers have been paid in opium instead of silver. Great quantities have been coming in all the summer from Kweichow, and have been sold in Chungking and smuggled down river. On the day of the final departure of the Southern army, the price of opium fell to less than a third of its former price, for the Szechuan commanders were known not to favor this iniquitous method of raising revenue. Several merchants who have had heavy dealings in this illicit traffic have suffered heavily.

Another result that is likely to take place is that the roads will be freed of brigands. Already, a thousand have been incorporated into the River Protection Guard from within ten miles of this city. An attempt will be made to root out those who refuse to come in.

A further benefit will be that the river between here and Ichang will now be open to Chinese steamships. For the last three years, with Ichang in the hands of one party and Chungking in those of another, no steamer flying the Chinese flag has been free of the possibility of being commandeered to carry troops, and this year not a single trip has been made by a Chinese-owned steamer. This has led to the steamers which were owned by Chinese capital being either sold to foreign firms, or being temporarily handed over to foreign firms to manage. Now that the whole of the river is in the hands of the same party, Chinese vessels should be free to come and go. This advantage is, however, made less by the fact that the navigation period on the upper river has only about a month to go. It must be admitted that Liu Ts'en Hou, the leader of the Szechuan army, was a supporter of the Anfu Club under Twan Chi Rui, and it is possible he may be repudiated by the Chihli Party, which is at present in power in Peking. If this happened we should probably see a return to chaos in the province.

Hopes for the unity of China are based on the recognition of Liu by the Peking Government until a basis of union all round is found, and the prospect of this is brighter than it has been for some time.—Yours, &c.,

"GUTHLAC."

Chungking, West China. November 2nd, 1920.

### NATIONALIZATION AND THE BUILDING TRADE.

SIR,—The Parliamentary report of the "Daily News" this morning contains the following utterance by Sir Alfred Mond, First Commissioner of Works:—

"He (Sir Alfred Mond) pledged his authority and the business experience of twenty-five years that houses are being built more cheaply by the Office of Works than by private enterprise."

The manner in which the truth about nationalization in practice is suppressed in many parts of the Press is illustrated by the fact that this and other similar statements in Sir Alfred Mond's speech are carefully omitted in the Parliamentary reports of many newspapers.

It is, of course, a much simpler thing for the Office of Works to build houses than for the Ministry of Munitions to make shells; but how is the public at large to know this when ignorance on the subject is deliberately fostered?—Yours, &c.,

LEO CHIOZZA MONEY.

December 2nd, 1920.

### AN INTERNATIONAL ANTHOLOGY.

SIR,—An inquiry from Signor Bignami, editor of "Coenobium," Lugano, Switzerland, asking for any material for an international anthology of human solidarity, especially prose or poem published during the war.

Can any of your readers recover for this purpose:—

(1) A parody on Goethe's "Mignon," beginning "Kennst du das Land . . ." and published, I think, just after Italy's entry into the war about May, 1915.

(2) A poem published in England, and perhaps in your own pages, soon after the destruction of Louvain in September, 1914, and reminding us that some of the best things were imperishable—*e.g.*, Shakespeare's plays.

"For Keats spells beauty whilst earth spins round." There must also be prose passages in Romain Rolland or Lowes Dickinson which one cannot at once find. No doubt your readers can suggest others.—Yours, &c.,

HUGH RICHARDSON.

Stocksfield-on-Tyne. December 12th, 1920.

### THE RETURN OF CONSTANTINE.

SIR,—As even the humblest condemned malefactor has at least twenty-four hours in which to curse his judges, one may without fear allow the great Press of some lands—or their Governments, at least one of them—one or two weeks to imprecate the double sentence which the Greek people have just passed on their Hellenic policy since 1915. But firmness of character, strength of will, and, above all, clear-sightedness appear precisely in the spontaneity with which one knows how to recognize that one has been deceived, and in the promptness with which one adapts oneself to the situation, and turns it to the greatest advantage.

One realizes unexpectedly that one has been totally deceived by a politician as to the state of his country; that that country will not have him at any price, and gives the preference to his adversaries—his victims! At the same time one discovers that these victims do not at all charge the protectors with the responsibilities of the misdeeds of their *protégé*, that, on the contrary, they are ready to pursue towards them the same policy as the one to which they have been accustomed for the last five years. That is an agreeable thing—and seems surprising only to those who were systematically maintained in error. The man has disappeared, but the country remains the same. One may, therefore, resume with it the relations entertained with the previous Government.

They must be resumed even with greater pleasure and confidence than previously. For now any doubt has disappeared: one knows that relations are entertained with the people itself—a people to whom the quality of being jealous of its liberty could never be denied. As the first use it makes of that liberty is to proclaim at an overwhelming majority its faithfulness to its leader, thrown over and exiled for three years, it must be concluded that this leader cannot be the "tyrant," the "autocrat" which the interested propaganda of his adversaries tried to make us believe him to be.

Moreover, in such times of violence, without and within, is it not a relief to see a people conduct a revolution simply by the force of the vote? And does not the fact that this revolution has been achieved through pacific ways, and has been followed by no reprisals whatever, represent a lesson of high value for the civilized world?

If, in spite of all, the Western masters of politics refuse to draw from the situation the obvious consequences, they will pursue the wrong way, the way of false pride, of persistent violation of the will of a small nation—of one of those small nations that the Entente, since 1914, claims to protect. And nothing would be achieved, except to set that people in revolt against the Powers which it declares itself to be ready to work with. Let us hope that in London, and still more in Paris, such a step will be considered before it is taken.

To conclude, is it necessary to lay stress on the legend of the "Pro-German Constantine"? It will vanish by itself, as vanished the halo of the Venizelos idol of the people, for both were formed of the same unreal substance. Now, if it is a grave defect for the King of Greece to be the brother-in-law of the Hohenzollern, let us inform those who are ignorant of the fact that since November 9th, 1915, there is no Hohenzollern, and that in his place stands a Republic, which does not care at all about the family relations of its late sovereign, whom even the greater part of the German Monarchists call "the deserter." And let us keep our common sense, and conclude that the return of Constantine to his throne does not expose the world's peace to any danger whatever.—Yours, &c.,

JEAN DEBRIT.

### VIENNA RELIEF FUND.

	£	s.	d.
AMOUNT already acknowledged in THE NATION	1,520	0	2
Sir George Fordham (4th contribution) . . .	2	0	0
Members of Bethania Chapel (Cwmsyflog) . . .	2	0	0
J. S. . . . .	1	0	0
S. E. L. . . . .	1	0	0
Mrs. B. J. Wright . . . . .	1	0	0
Anon. . . . .	15	0	
Anon. . . . .	10	0	
P. E. T. . . . .	5	0	
	£1,528	10	2

### Poetry.

#### THE SOUTH-WEST WIND.

WE stood by the idle weir,  
Like bells the waters played,  
The rich moonlight slept everywhere,  
As it would never fade:  
So slept our shining peace of mind  
Till rose a south-west wind.

How sorrow comes who knows?  
And here joy surely had been:  
But joy like any wild wind blows  
From mountains none has seen,  
And still its cloudy veillings throws  
On the bright road it goes.

The black-plumed poplars swung  
So softly across the sky;  
The ivy sighed, the river sung,  
Woolpacks were wafting high.  
The moon her golden tinges flung  
On these she straight was lost among.

O south-west wind of the soul,  
That brought such new delight,  
And passing by in music stole  
Love's rich and trusting light,  
Would that we thrilled to thy least breath,  
Now all is still as death.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Built in Jerusalem's Wall." By Francis Keppel. (Oxford University Press. 8s. 6d.)  
 "The New Society." By Walter Rathenau. (Williams & Norgate. 6s.)  
 "Ireland in the European System." Vol. I. 1500-1557. By James Hogan. (Longmans. 12s. 6d.)  
 "Labor as an International Problem." By various authors. Edited by E. John Solano. (Macmillan. 18s.)

\* \* \*

It was a book I had always known I was fated to read, but it never came my way till recently, when the Oxford University Press, as the unconscious agent of Providence, sent it to me in its new dress as a World's Classic. There being 700 pages of it (but only at half-a-crown, and for the pocket), and each page full of lively words that, like the colors of the kaleidoscope, flowed incessantly to form new pictures and strange, I was, of course, carrying the book about with me, as a ready means of escape from these latter days. I met a friend whose opinions of books must be listened to with respect, and occasionally with pain and annoyance, and having this packet of newly-found magic in my pocket I said to him: "Do you know 'Moby-Dick'?" Usually he is prompt with a creditable comment, but this time he hesitated, as though I had touched crudely on a matter that was personal and difficult. "I have known it for years," he said presently; "but it is a book I seldom recommend, as I am hardly ever sure that the other fellow deserves it." He had never recommended it to me.

\* \* \*

PERHAPS my friend is right. Perhaps "Moby-Dick" ought not to be divulged, except with care. But there is another way of looking at it. If a reader of books wants to know the truth about his understanding of English prose, whether it is natural and genuine, or whether his interest in it is but artificially suggested, like going to church or voting at elections, there is a positive test. Let him read this book by Herman Melville about a whale. If he doesn't like it, then he—well, he can go to church. "Moby-Dick," written when Melville was thirty-two, was first published in New York in 1851. This edition from the Oxford Press has an introduction by Viola Meynell, who says that in it Herman Melville has endowed human nature with writing that she believes to be absolutely unsurpassed. "To read it and absorb it is the crown of one's reading life." That may seem somewhat extravagant. When I read her introductory praise of the book (though not before I had followed the whale to the end) I thought, first, it was extravagant; though extravagance in praise of such a work is naturally the way one's surprise and gratitude would instantly go. But now I am not sure. There is an important sense in which Miss Meynell is exactly right. I think it very likely that anyone who finds he cannot read "Moby-Dick" with delight, wonder, and some fear, has reason to doubt that he is more than learning to read.

\* \* \*

A WELL-KNOWN literary critic once assured me that there were not more than 5,000 people who could read English. As soon as imagination begins to sport with the language, then the familiar words are changed; they take a look of mockery; they seem a little mad; they become free of our rules; they behave indecorously, seem giddy, are translated from dull, well-known lumps into shadows and wraiths uncanny with varying lights and implications; they startle us with half-suggestions of powers we never knew existed; they flit too perilously near the

horizon of what we call sanity, and become speculative symbols in the distance weaving a mazy pattern of which we can but guess at the purport. Our own words then seem to have nothing in common with us. That gentleman who thought he had been using "prose" all his life was wrong. All he had been doing was to make noises, prompted by a few primitive instincts, which experience had taught him would be understood by his neighbors. So Miss Meynell is right when she calls this book the crown of one's reading life. There is no other book like "Moby-Dick." It is about the sea and ships, and a remarkable voyage with some queer characters, and it is also a natural history of the sperm whale. Moby-Dick himself, the whale, is a principal character, but we do not meet him till we are ending the voyage. Yet, as in all great books, something in it is suggested that is beyond and is greater than anything it tells us. Melville's narrative is drama, and over the little figures of men who move in it there fall shadows and lights from what is ulterior and tremendous. The men, whales, and ships in it, busy weaving the interest of the story, are felt to be relative to a greater and undivulged motive of which the author knows no more than the reader. Through the design made by their voyages and encounters there is determined, as by chance, a purpose not theirs.

\* \* \*

Now I wish to say something about the book, critically, I find it is like trying to criticize the Congo, or the precession of the equinoxes. The book defies the literary critics, who are not yet familiar with sperm whales. Standing before this drama in a scientific spirit is like being a child with a spade and pail determined to investigate the Pacific Ocean. While reading "Moby-Dick" you often feel that the author is possessed, that what he is doing is dictated by something not himself which sometimes makes him use our accepted symbols with obliquity, with an apparent abandon; you fear, now and then, the sad and steady eye of this fascinating Ancient Mariner is on the point of flaring into a mania that may be prophecy, or may be incoherence. His words soar to the limit of their hold on the known and reasonable. Yet they do not break loose. Nevertheless, we know Herman Melville became mad; and, knowing that, we are forced after reading "Moby-Dick," to question whether our common-sense is really sanity at all. It is possible we have not sufficient intelligence to raise it to the height at which Melville lost his. After all, what is common-sense? The commonest sense, Thoreau tells us, is that of men asleep, which they express by snoring.

\* \* \*

ALL one can say of "Moby-Dick" is that it is unique. There is no other book of the sea the least like it. And how should one write of great whales, missing ships, and the Southern Ocean? Perhaps in the mind of the man who would do it the shadows not thrown by what is visible should be already stirring. They should darken and mystify his words, they should be like the forms of the unknown glimpsed deep below us in the pellucid but unfathomed sea. Yet "Moby-Dick" is not a sad book. There are chapters in it of days along the equator which are radiant. There is an account of an attack by boats on an armada of sperm whales in Japanese seas which, for most of the uses to which English prose has been put, is miraculous in what it conveys. Somehow, Melville's words are consonant with so immense a spectacle. And is there in all our literature such a picture of a church service as Melville gives us of Father Mapple's church in Nantucket? Is there a better sermon than that on Jonah and the Whale which we hear preached there to whalers, and the wives and widows of whalers? Is there in Dickens or anywhere else such a remarkable inn as the Nantucket "Try Pots"? In fact, I find I have scored almost every page of "Moby-Dick" for quotation. But it is no good trying to quote from the rainbow and the eclipse.

H. M. T.



## Reviews.

## HUMOROUS VERSE.

"The Daniel Jazz, and Other Poems." By VACHEL LINDSAY.  
(Bell. 4s. 6d. net.)

MR. LINDSAY objects to being called a "jazz poet"; and, if the name implied that he did nothing in verse but make a loud, facetious, and hysterical noise, his objection would be reasonable. It is possible to call him a "jazz poet," however, for the purpose not of belittling him, but of defining one of his leading qualities. He is essentially the poet of a worked-up audience. He relies on the company for the success of his effects, like a Negro evangelist. The poet, as a rule, is a solitary in his inspiration. He is more likely to address a star than a crowded room. Mr. Lindsay is too sociable to write like that. He invites his readers to a party, and the world for him is a round game. To read "The Skylark" or the "Ode to a Nightingale" in the hunt-the-slipper mood in which one enjoys "The Daniel Jazz" would be disastrous. Shelley and Keats give us the ecstasy of a communion, not the excitement of a party. The noise of the world, the glare, and the jostling crowds fade as we read. The audience of Shelley or Keats is as still as the audience in a cathedral. Mr. Lindsay, on the other hand, calls for a chorus, like a singer at a smoking-concert, in the first of his poems. And that is the spirit in which he has written his best work. He is part entertainer and part evangelist, but in either capacity he seems to demand not a hush of appreciation, but a noise of appreciation.

It is clear that he is very susceptible to crowd excitement. His two best poems, "Bryan, Bryan" and "The Congo," are born of it. "Bryan, Bryan" is an amazing attempt to recapture and communicate a boy's emotions as he mingled in the scrimmage of the Presidential election of 1896. Mr. Lindsay becomes all but inarticulate as he recalls the thrill and tumult of the marching West when Bryan called on it to advance against the Plutocrats. He seems to be shouting like a student when students hire a 'bus and go forth in masks and fancy dress to make a noise in the streets. Luckily, he makes an original noise. He knows that his excitement is more than he can express in intelligible speech, and so he wisely and humorously calls in the aid of nonsense, which he uses with such skill and vehemence that everybody is forced to turn round and stare at him:—

"Oh, the long-horns from Texas,  
The jay hawks from Kansas,  
The plop-eyed bungaroo and giant giassicus,  
The varmint, chipmunk, bugaboo,  
The horned toad, prairie-dog, and ballyhoo,  
From all the new-born states arow,  
Bidding the eagles of the West fly on,  
Bidding the eagles of the West fly on,  
The fawn, proactyl, and thing-a-ma-jig,  
The rakaboor, the hellangone,  
The whangdoodle, batfowl and pig,  
The coyote, wild-cat, and grizzly in a glow,  
In a miracle of health and speed, the whole breed abreast,  
They leaped the Mississippi, blue border of the West.  
From the Gulf to Canada, two thousand miles long—  
Against the towns of Tubal Cain,  
Ah—sharp was their song.  
Against the ways of Tubal Cain, too cunning for the young,  
The long-horn calf, the buffalo, and wampus gave tongue."

In such a passage as this Mr. Lindsay pours decorative nonsense out of a horn of plenty. But his aim is not to talk nonsense: it is to use nonsense as the language of reality. As paragraph follows paragraph, we see with what sureness he is piling color on color, and crash on crash, in order that we may respond almost physically to the sensations of those magnificent and tumultuous days. He has discovered a new sort of rhetoric which enables him to hurry us through mood after mood of comic, pugnacious, and sentimental excitement. Addressed to a religious meeting, rhetoric of this kind would be interrupted by cries of "Glory, Hallelujah!" and "Praise de Lord!" Unless you are rhetoric-proof, you cannot escape its spell. Isolated from its context, the passage I have quoted may be subjected to cold criticism. It is only when it keeps its place in the living body of the poem and becomes part of the general attack on our nerves that it is effective.

In "The Congo," it is the excitements of Negroes—in their dances and their religion—that Mr. Lindsay has set to words. As he watches their revels, the picture suggests a companion-picture of Negroes orgiastic in Africa, in the true Kingdom of Mumbo-Jumbo—a Negro's fairy-tale of a magic land:—

"Just then from the doorway, as fat as shotes,  
Came the cake-walk princes in their long red coats,  
Canes with a brilliant lacquer shine,  
And tall silk hats that were red as wine.  
And they pranced with their butterfly partners there,  
Coal-black maidens with pearls in their hair,  
Knee-skirts trimmed with the jessamine sweet,  
And bells on their ankles and little black feet."

But it is the grotesque comedy of the American Negro in his crowd, not the fantasia on Africa, that makes "The Congo" so entertaining a poem. The description of the "fat black bucks in a wine-barrel room" has often been quoted. There is the same feeling of "racket" in the picture of a religious camp-meeting:—

"A good old negro in the slums of the town  
Preached at a sister for her velvet gown;  
Howled at a brother for his low-down ways,  
His prowling, guzzling, sneak-thief days;  
Beat on the Bible till he wore it out  
Starting the jubilee revival shout.  
And some had visions as they stood on chairs.  
And sang of Jacob, and the golden stairs.  
And they all repented, a thousand strong,  
From their stupor and savagery and sin and wrong,  
And slammed on their hymn books till they shook the room  
With 'glory, glory, glory,'  
And 'Boom, boom, Boom.'"

Whatever qualities Mr. Lindsay lacks, he has humor, color, and gusto. When he writes in the tradition of the serious poets, as in "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight" and "Epilogue," he is negligible: he is only one of a thousand capable verse-writers. He is dependent on his own idiom to a greater extent even than was Robert Burns. Not that his work in rag-time English is comparable in other respects to Burns's in Scots. Burns's themes were, on the whole, the traditional themes of the poets—aristocrats of the spirit. Mr. Lindsay is a humorist and sentimentalist who is essentially a democrat of the spirit—one of the crowd.

And, just as he is the humorist of the crowd, so is he the humorist of things immense and exaggerated. His imagination is the home of whales and elephants and sea-serpents. He is happy amid the noise and confusion of a railway-junction. He rejoices in the exuberant and titanic life of California, where:—

Thunder-clouds of grapes grow on the mountains,"

and he boasts that:—

"There are ten gold suns in California,  
When all other lands have one,  
For the Golden Gate must have due light  
And persimmons be well done.  
And the hot whales slosh and cool in the wash  
And the fume of the hollow sea,  
Rally and roam in the loblolly foam  
And whoop that their souls are free."

Mr. Lindsay himself can whoop like a whale. He is a poet in search of superlatives beyond the superlatives. He cannot find them, but he at least articulates new sounds. As one reads him, one is reminded at times of a child in a railway-train singing and shouting against the noise of the engine and the wheels. The world affects Mr. Lindsay as the railway-train affects some children. He is intoxicated by the rhythm of the machinery. As a result, though he is often an ethical poet, he is seldom a spiritual poet. That helps to explain why his verse fails of any but a sentimental effect in his andante movements. As his voice falls, his inspiration falls. In "The Santa Fé Trail" he breaks in on the frenzy of a thousand motors with the still, small voice of the bird called the Rachel Jane. He undoubtedly moves us by the way in which he does this; but he moves us much as a sentimental singer at a ballad concert can do. It is not for passages of this kind that one reads him. His words at their best do not minister at the altar: they dance to the music of the syncopated orchestra. That is Mr. Lindsay's peculiar gift. It would hardly be using too strong a word to say that it is his genius.

ROBERT LYND.

## A STUDY IN REALISM.

"A Study in Realism." By JOHN LAIRD. (Cambridge University Press. 14s. net.)

To most reviewers of works on philosophy the following reflection must at some time or other have occurred: "One day I will myself write a book on philosophy. At the beginning of the book I will give a list of the words ordinarily used in philosophical controversy, such as 'goodness,' 'rightness,' 'percept,' 'concept,' 'universal,' and so forth, indicate the meaning which I propose to attach to these words and bind myself by a solemn oath always to use the words in that particular meaning throughout the book. 'So, help me God,' I will say, 'I will never use the word "rightness," except in the sense "X," from the beginning of this book until the end.' Then, at least, the reviewer will know where to have his author." Now I am afraid that Professor Laird very often escapes being "had" just because of the slight ambiguity which attaches to many of his statements, owing to the reader's feeling of uncertainty as to the precise sense in which he is using his words. This ambiguity is doubtless of great service to Professor Laird in dealing with his critics; whenever they think to have pinned him down to error or inconsistency, he can always wriggle out of it by proving that he meant something slightly different. But equally it is apt to do him disservice with his friends. It so happens that I feel pretty sure that I agree with almost everything Professor Laird says; but I am never quite sure, because I am never quite sure what he means.

A consistent use of words is of paramount importance in philosophy; success in imperceptibly varying the meanings of well-known words leads to dexterity in argument: it does not help you to get at truth. The truth or falsehood of any theory depends, in fact, on the meaning you attach to the words in which you state it. To take an instance from Professor Laird's book, he sets out like a good realist to prove in his first chapter that meaning is not mental. "Meaning is . . . something thought of, not part of the mental process of thinking." A little further on, however (page 40), he tells us that "it is strange to conclude that they"—i.e., tinges of meaning—"are literally part of the thing's independent reality."

There seems to be inconsistency somewhere, and is it really true in any event to say that meaning is entirely non-mental? The answer, of course, depends on the meaning of meaning. Meaning is an ambiguous word, and is used ambiguously by Professor Laird. Thus in the statement "A means B," the "meaning" of A may mean at least two different things—(1) a certain quality of A's, in virtue of which A means B, in short, the meaningfulness of A; or (2) the thing meant by A, that is B. Now in the first of the quotations given above Professor Laird is using meaning in the second sense, as synonymous with "thing meant"; in the second quotation in the first sense, as synonymous with meaningfulness.

And it makes quite a considerable difference. Use meaning in the sense of "thing meant" on all convenient occasions, and you have an infallible recipe for locating in an external world all those doubtful entities that many thinkers attribute to mind; use it in the sense of "meaningfulness" and you are enabled with equal convincingness to write down as mental things which many observers want to deposit in the outside world.

Now Professor Laird adopts the first course. I do not suggest by this that he deliberately equivocates with the meaning of "meaning," but he starts with a general bias in favor of "discovering," in the outside world, things which most philosophers believe to be mental constructions on data supplied by the world, and he uses his terms in senses which, to say the least, do not impede the achievement of this preconceived purpose.

He points out that even if we assume that the mind can construct, mind must recognize or discover its own constructions as part of the data presented to it—"knowledge implies the recognition or apprehension of constructions as well as the making of them"—so that the admission of the fact of construction by the mind need not mean for Professor Laird the abandonment of his fundamental realist position that knowledge is essentially a process of finding and recognizing what is there, and not a process of making what is not.

What this admission does do, however, is to enable him to apply the assumptions and methods of philosophical realism to considerable tracts of hitherto untouched country. Philosophical realism has in the past been largely concerned with the business of perception. Incidentally it has pricked the bubble of the Absolute, and flirted with mathematical logic. But many spheres of human activity—the arts, the special sciences, and literature—have remained, at least so far as their philosophical background is concerned, the special stronghold and preserve of the idealists. If knowledge is only discovery, how, it may be asked, do you explain imagination, how the construction of unverified hypotheses? These processes, it is urged, are not mental discoveries; they are mental creations. Professor Laird turns the tables rather neatly by pointing out that, at any rate, mind has to discover its own hypotheses, and recognize its own imagination, so that the special rôle he has assigned to it must at least always be played. And what is imagination, anyway? "Either a profounder analysis than is common or a greater genius for detecting analogies, or both combined"—only more "discovering," that is to say, after all. And so with considerable success and some superficiality, Professor Laird applies his philosophical theories to the arts, and interprets the finer frenzies and inspiration of the human spirit as a kind of mental voyage of discovery. I use the word superficiality because of the inconvenient habit of the human spirit of occasionally boiling over, the result being lyric poetry or a sonata. It is on these occasions, I confess, that I fail to see what is "discovered." Even if you cannot help noticing your lyric when you have created it, you have to create it first, and though it is true to say that nothing can come out of nothing, it is an incorrect way of describing the process by which a hen drops an egg, or a poet throws off a sonnet, to say that the hen has discovered the egg, or the poet the sonnet, as if they were somehow there to begin with.

The only way in which a theory of realism may be successfully applied to art is the way of Plato and of Schopenhauer. If the fundamental reality of the universe is a collection of forms, of which the form of beauty is one, the inspiration of the poet or the artist is nothing less than a vision of the form that exists independently of himself, a vision which enables him to create works of art, which the form clothes with its own beauty. The artist, in fact, *does* see a reality to which the ordinary man is blind.

But it is in his theory of perception, it is on the ground which realism has made peculiarly its own, that Professor Laird is least convincing. "The main assumption of realism," he says, "is that things can be known as they really are"; and again, "the object of true knowledge is in a certain sense independent of our knowing it." These are unimpeachable statements with which any realist would agree. If I may add a further assumption from which I do not think Professor Laird would dissent, it is that, the fact that a thing has a certain appearance is not necessarily a reason for supposing that the appearance belies the thing.

From these assumptions Professor Laird proceeds to build up a theory of knowledge, in the course of which mind is "bowdlerized" of practically every activity except that of discovering the real. Fancy, images, meaning, all go by the board, and we are left with mind as a machine for registering the real. The process is logical enough, but it gets into one very serious difficulty. If the only business of mind is to discover the real, how can it discover what is not there? How, in fact, account for error?

In Professor Laird's view, "we see color and we hear sounds, for the most part, just as they really are"; but the insertion of the words "for the most part" really gives the game away. They imply, in fact, that we sometimes see and hear things otherwise than they are. But if this is so, we cannot restrict the activity of the mind in perception simply to the business of discovering the real. It must be allowed to create for itself, even if it only creates error. "There is no absolute guarantee," says Professor Laird, "for the truth of any perception," but if this is the case, if, in fact, error may always creep in, and yet your theory fails to give an account of just how it creeps in, you can never tell when your perceptions are correct, nor have you any criterion by which to distinguish correct perceptions from incorrect ones.

Nine times out of ten we perceive a penny as an ellipse. It is only when we look vertically down upon it that it



appears to us to be round. Yet we know it to be round. In virtue of what principle then do we select the one round appearance of the penny as the real appearance, and stigmatize the nine elliptical appearances as illusions? Professor Laird's account of perception fails to provide us with such a principle.

This is a cardinal point, but the book is a valuable work nevertheless. Its value lies less in the author's peculiar realist view of perception, than in the eminent success with which he applies the realist method to the wider issues. It is his thesis that realism, instead of being an isolated theory of perception, can give a consistent and rational account of the whole field of human activity and experience. The proof of this proposition is a difficult task, a task which Professor Laird has tackled with boldness and success.

C. E. M. J.

#### A DECLINING LITERATURE.

**'The Silver Age of Latin Literature, from Tiberius to Trajan.'** By WALTER C. SUMMERS. (Methuen, 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS volume is intended mainly for those who read the ancient classics in translations, and the author gives his quoted passages only in his own English. The prototype of such handbooks in English is the summary of English authors by "bilious" Bale, Edward the Sixth's Bishop of Ossory, and their name is now legion. They are useful when treated as guides, but become mere cram-books if, as sometimes happens, they are made to take the place of reading the authors. The present work has the merit that it is written to stimulate rather than to satisfy. We must, however, except some of the author's translations, which have such an air of unreality that they are likely to do neither. Mr. Summers may be right in thinking that none of the current versions are literal enough for his purpose, but we cannot hold that he supplies us with a good equivalent. It is impossible, for instance, to accept "Hearken to the uproar" as a phrase which anyone would naturally use in the present day, and the reader will be apt to weary of Mr. Summers's "'tis" and "'twas." Martial suffers much at his hands, for Martial had style, of which but little survives in these versions. There is more of the real epigrammatists in some of the old and familiar imitations, such as:—

"Jack stole a sermon from Dr. Brown  
And reading it damnably made it his own."

or the "pretty Nell," changed by the undergraduate's impudent wit into "Dr. Fell."

Whatever faults Mr. Summers's versions may have, he knows his authors thoroughly, and he judges them aright. His account of Tacitus, for which he owes some obligation to an excellent book by Signor F. Ramorino, is at least as good as any that we have, and his view of Juvenal, unlike that of some modern scholars, is eminently judicial. We have some German critics so alive to the faults of Juvenal that they have no eye for his merits, and some English critics who so much admire his strong points that they are more than a little blind to his defects. Mr. Summers hits the mean.

The literature of the hundred years with which our author deals had not behind it any great movement either of thought or of emotion. As the world was, things could hardly be otherwise. Augustus, whose paramount ability some historians are unwilling to recognize, had not overcome, probably no man could have overcome, one political difficulty. Like his kinsman and predecessor, he saw that at the moment only a monarchy could save Rome, and a monarch he made himself in all but the trappings. He could not insure, except for one generation, an equally able and virtuous king, and he could not, or at least did not, establish those checks upon a monarchy which sooner or later, usually sooner, prove necessary to its usefulness as a governing institution. Even his own position was not so secure that he could make light of conspiracies against him, nor his information bureau so accurate or so honest that he could not imagine a plot when, in fact, there was none. The much-maligned Tiberius was on the whole true to the tradition of his step-father, but under Caligula and Nero and Domitian kingship ran riot. Neither the deeds nor the voices of men were any longer free, and the chains left their mark even under the benevolent rule of a Vespasian and a Trajan. The

noblest thought of the epoch turned to Stoicism, and with all its good points Stoicism is a one-sided view of life. Moreover, education, which might have set things right, had run into a blind alley. Oratory was its aim, and what Virgil had called the rouge-pots of the rhetoricians disfigured the face of the natural man. In literature everything was subordinate to the desire for what is sometimes called epigram, and by Mr. Summers with a perhaps just distinction is called point, and, unlike Napoleon III., the Domitians took care that the epigram should not temper despotism.

In face of all this it is remarkable both that some of the literature, though not quite of the highest order, is as good as it is, and that many of the writers have a considerable, though not an unlimited, claim to our respect. Seneca had real virtue, though he lacked the stamina that makes a martyr. His nephew, Lucan, had enthusiasm, though in the hour of trial he strove to save his young life by the worst of crimes—a constructive matricide. Tacitus, though he misapprehended and misrepresented Tiberius, had an honorable and virtuous career, and lifted up his voice against the sins of provincial administration. In such sins the younger Pliny as a provincial governor had no part, and his craving for fame was only "an amiable weakness." Even Juvenal, despite his parasitic ways, had in his better hours a just view of life, and rose to a sublime expression of it in that passage which is familiar to English readers as the concluding lines of Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes." Martial, another parasite, offered the foul incense of his flattery to the crazy and wicked Domitian, but he had a sense of natural and artistic beauty and a genius for friendship, and Columella knew and thought that the only path to happiness ran through the gateway of labor.

The student of English literature is committed to an acquaintance with the Silver Age of Latin, for, greatly as our authors have excelled the Romans of the Empire, the greater owe much to the less. Our tragic drama has its roots in the absurd plays of Seneca. Kyd, as a boy at the Merchant Taylors' School, must have steeped himself in "Thyestes" and "Frenzy Hercules." If excess be a virtue of youth, his "Jeronimo" gives him a full claim to virtue. It was under the influence of this "tragedy of blood" that Shakespeare dealt with "Titus Andronicus," and, possibly, if in his youth he had never written or re-written, whichever it was, that crude but not fibreless drama, he would never have written "Hamlet," in which the play scene probably satirizes Kyd and so reflects upon Seneca. Quintilian, through Erasmus and Elyot, had no little effect upon English education. Dryden's great satires are grandchildren of Juvenal, and Pope to the end of his days had the strange taste to reckon Statius next to Virgil, though he was in the habit of saying that "maddling poets are no poets at all." If his rule be strictly applied, perhaps no verse-writer of the Silver Age can claim to have sipped of Castaly. In one point, however, the Silver Age is still alive amongst us. Consciously or unconsciously, the modern epigrammatist has Martial in his mind. It is to Martial's practice that we owe the restriction of the word epigram to a species of wit. The short poems which the Greeks called epigrams were not usually, and Martial's own were not always, of this style, but to the brief poems of pathos, of commemoration, of description, and friendship, and of love, the name is no longer applied. With the brevity and sweetness of the bee we expect to find also the sting in the tail.

#### THE FOUR PHYSICIANS.

**"Causes of International War."** By G. LOWES DICKINSON. (Swarthmore Press. 2s. 6d.)

**"Economic Imperialism."** By L. S. WOOLF. (Swarthmore Press. 2s. 6d.)

**"Nationalism."** By G. P. GOOCH. (Swarthmore Press. 2s. 6d.)

**"Unifying the World."** By G. N. CLARK. (Swarthmore Press. 2s. 6d.)

IN one of the grimmest of all Tolstoy's tales, the hero or victim is depicted as diagnosing feverishly the symptoms of his own fatal disease.

"He thought. And in his imagination the longed-for cure of the blind intestine took place. Assimilation, secretion, were stimulated; regulated activity was established. 'Yes, it is just exactly so,' said he to himself. 'It is only necessary to leave it to nature.'"



*The most original and daring book of the year.**Brilliantly reviewed by the entire Press.*

# NOT FOR FOOLS

## Stewart Hodgeon in THE DAILY NEWS

Except Lord Fisher and perhaps Colonel Lawrence, the most original figure thrown up by the Great War was Mr. Dennis Bradley. . . . To the historian of public opinion he is one of the very few English writers, during the war, who are worth, in my judgment, any serious attention.

## PALL MALL GAZETTE

The indignation in none the less effective because it is often clothed in humour and expressed in railery or bitter aphorism.

## THE DAILY MIRROR

Mr. Bradley has humour and originality.

## THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Re-reading his tirades, lampoons, aphorisms, apophthegms, and sex-tongued acerbities, one sees to-day that the author was a sincere soul finding God through his pen. . . . Two years hence men will re-read his outpourings and wonder that no man listened.

## THE DAILY EXPRESS

Mr. Bradley makes epigrams with devastating effect.

## THE DAILY HERALD

Mr. Dennis Bradley is like caviare and olives.

## THE ATHENÆUM

Mr. Bradley knows all about women. . . . The aphorisms still seem as acute and diabolically wise as ever, and the author deserves credit for having been one of the first to point out the menace of a temporary bureaucracy.

## TOWN TOPICS

The book is worthy of a place on the shelf of war literature that counts.

## GLOBE

A volume of delightful, airy and witty flights of social satire.

By

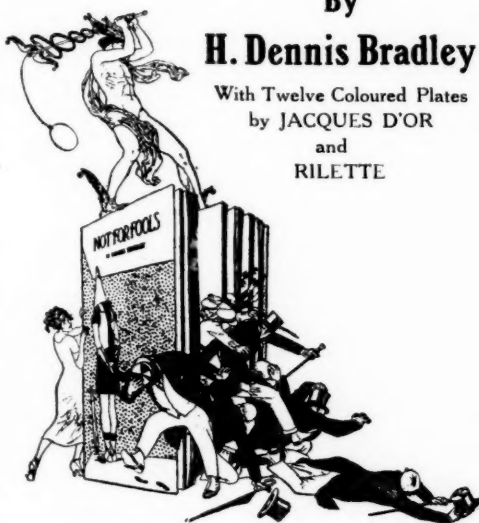
H. Dennis Bradley

With Twelve Coloured Plates

by JACQUES D'OR

and

RILETTE



Price 10/6 (Post free 11/-) of all Booksellers and Bookstalls, or direct from the publishers:

Grant Richards, Limited,  
8, St. Martin's Street, W.C.

## Richard King in THE TATLER

The book is as "alive" as a hurricane of wind, and may be as a hurricane of wind will help to clear the cobwebs from the old institutions through which it blows.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW

When Mr. Dennis Bradley leaves fooling and writes seriously he not only expresses sense but expresses it with great force and considerable literary skill.

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Mr. Dennis Bradley managed to elude the censor for months. . . . It is an admirable piece of vigorous writing.

## ABERDEEN DAILY JOURNAL

Part 2 skirts occasionally on subjects of sex, but delights mainly in scrutinising the hypocritical morality of the individual or the mass. Mr. Lloyd George has a keen sense of humour, and he will accordingly relish the sting of "Ideals and Low Deals."

## IRISH TIMES

Mr. Bradley has no false modesty.

## COMMON SENSE

An author, however witty, subtle and free from cant, who labels his aphorisms "Not For Fools," is running grave risks. Yet beneath his brightness, his "modern"-ness, and his desire to shock, Mr. Bradley conceals a good deal of seriousness.

## THE OUTLOOK

Mr. Bradley has a Puckish wit of his own.

## THE CATHOLIC HERALD

He is one of the two or three persons who have emerged from the war and its aftermath with a character for virility, originality, keen perception and fine courage in dealing with social, political and economic issues. . . . a brilliant book.

## NEW TRAVEL BOOK:—

## "FIFTY YEARS OF TRAVEL by LAND, WATER and AIR."

By F. HEDGES BUTLER, author of "Through Lapland" with Skis and Reindeer." 89 Illustrations, Price 21/-

Obtainable at all Libraries and Booksellers. Published by T. FISHER UNWIN.

BOOKS, PRINTS, and MSS. BOUGHT, or VALUED for PROBATE, By HENRY SUTHERAN & Co., 140, Strand, and 45, Piccadilly.

Telephone: Central 1515.  
Telegraphic Address: Bookmen, London.  
Established in 1816.

The only Investment which does not depreciate in value is a Life Assurance Policy  
INSURE WITH THE  
**PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE Co. Ltd.**

## BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE.

Principal: Miss STANSFELD.

Students are trained in this College to become Teachers of Gymnastics, Games, &c. Fees, £165 a year. For particulars, apply the Secretary, 37, Lansdowne-road, Bedford.

"QUALITY  
AND  
FLAVOUR"

# BOURNVILLE COCOA

MADE UNDER  
IDEAL  
CONDITIONS

See the name "CADBURY" on every piece of Chocolate.

Do as the Romans did—take a

# MUSTARD BATH



A bath to which is added a couple of table-spoonfuls or so of COLMAN'S MUSTARD or the contents of a carton of specially prepared BATH MUSTARD.

"After the high  
Roman fashion."  
—Antony and Cleopatra.



"Let Mustard Mustard  
prepare your bath."

Something like that springs, naturally, to the mind of the reader of these four little books as he listens to the diagnosis of their brilliant authors on the body of the sick world. He seems to be listening to the grave talk of four very able physicians, consulting in the ante-chamber of their patient; and any layman who has ever by some chance been present at this sort of consultation will know what course his unspoken thoughts will follow. At first, in mere blind appreciation of the skill with which the facts are marshalled and the apparently inevitable conclusion drawn, the mind cries out enthusiastically: "How right." It is only afterwards, away from the spell of the enchanter, that the infinite possibilities of error in premise and hypothesis begin to make themselves felt. We defy anyone who is not incurably stupid or biased to read this brilliant, luminous little book of Mr. Dickinson's and not be carried on irresistibly to its conclusion. Who, looking at the history of the last six years, can deny the general truth of the gloomy picture he draws?

"One might compare nations to patients liable to outbreaks of homicidal mania, but normally sane, kindly, helpful and productive. Certain words, rashly spoken, are known to bring on the attacks. Wise and humane keepers would, therefore, avoid speaking them. But the keepers of nations—Governments and governing classes—forget or despise this counsel. In thoughtlessness, in misconception, in ambition, in fear, or, it may be, in wickedness, they speak the words. The catastrophe follows, and the patients, falling upon one another, fight till they drop. Bled to sanity, at last, they rise heavily from the dust, to lead again, if they may, the human life. But still the old poison is working in them, the old keepers watching and waiting. And when the word is spoken again, once more they will be at one another's throats."

What we doubt, or accept very hesitatingly and with very great reservations, is his reference of this mania solely to the operation in one form or another of the primitive "community sense." We doubt both whether the mere excision of the "community sense" would be an unmitigated blessing—we shall have more to say on this later—and whether it is really the cause of all, or even most, modern wars. Nations may be dragged into a war or into a peace by their Governments totally against their own inclination. History is strewn with instances of both. The Russian war against Japan was undoubtedly undertaken and carried to its calamitous end in absolute defiance of the national sentiment: American public opinion, as is now seen, had no part or lot in Mr. Wilson's Versailles Peace. The "herd mind" may be and often is very valuable to the belligerent statesman if he can get it on his side: but it by no means follows that he always can; and powerful interests who are concerned to do so can plunge a community into war without paying much attention to its "community sense." Given the same power, they could do it equally well under any international State that we can conceive. Rome came nearest to the ideal, and the Roman capitalist went on cheerfully manufacturing profitable wars long after the "community sense" of his fellow-countrymen, and even of his Government, had become decisively pacific.

It is this "economic Imperialism" which is the subject of Mr. Leonard Woolf's treatise, as it has been the subject of his greater books. He is the pathologist of the movement, as Mr. Dickinson may be called its surgeon. Not nationalism, but the greed of the people who exploit it, is his diagnosis of the world's malady: and his remedy is as simple as Mr. Dickinson's. All that we have to do is to change our beliefs and desires—to believe and desire other things: it is man's beliefs and desires which have determined his whole history. It is impossible not to admire the energy and zest, to say nothing of the learning and ability, with which Mr. Woolf maintains his case against historical fatalism. It is a real public service. But when we come down to his remedy—so simple, so reasonable, so commonplace, as one may say—the enormous difficulty of the case re-emerges. For is it really so easy for the individual, not to speak of the nation, to change the beliefs and desires of a lifetime? On the contrary, it can be nothing short of a miracle which achieves such a result. It is the old change of heart of the evangelist; to be saved, that is to say, the world must "find salvation." It may be true: no doubt it is: but the goal remains as

distant as ever when the message has been delivered, and the practical proposals which Mr. Woolf makes presuppose not only its delivery, but its acceptance.

Let us turn then to Mr. Gooch, the general practitioner of great—indeed vast—experience. Mr. Gooch is probably the most generally learned man in England to-day. He, at any rate, will not follow wandering fires: he will not generalize from too few instances. Nor does he. We hazard the conjecture that even in this age of summaries no book of equal compass, so compact of facts and information, covering so many and such varied fields, has ever been presented to the public. To the historian in a hurry of the future it will be an absolute godsend, supposing by some odd chance its paper covers have survived the ravages of time. For the rough material of a judgment there is in this alone enough and more than enough to satisfy all but the most exacting student; but he will have to form his own judgment. Mr. Gooch is cautious: but then Mr. Gooch is trite. There is, he tells us, a good nationalism and a bad nationalism:—

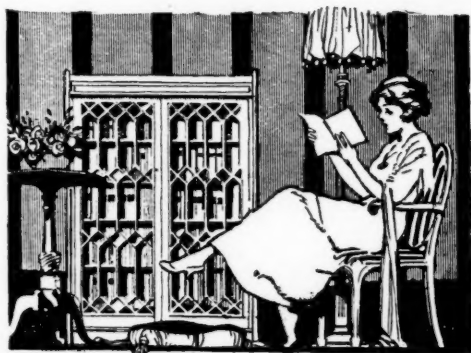
"Only when each nation respects the rights and aspirations of its fellows as its own, and recognizes in theory and practice its subordination to the welfare of humanity, can a league of contented peoples bring healing to a distracted world."

So far as that can be practically interpreted, we are back once more to the Sermon on the Mount, in a world which seems less receptive of such teaching than at almost any period in its history.

There remains Mr. Clark. Mr. Clark is rather more difficult to fit into the allegory than this fellows. He approaches the subject by a side way: his immediate theme is world communications. We may compare him perhaps, without disrespect, to a purveyor of artificial limbs. And this detached position gives him certain solid advantages. The surgeon may honestly delude himself into the belief that his pet operation is the cure for all ills; the physician may seriously believe his favorite medicine something, at any rate, in the nature of a cure-all. But only a very egregious charlatan will pretend that a wooden leg is as good as a real one. And Mr. Clark is no charlatan. It is perhaps this consciousness of the limitations of his art which makes him so valuable as a corrective. He is not much concerned, like Mr. Dickinson or Mr. Woolf, to prove a thesis: nor do we wander with him, as we do sometimes with Mr. Gooch, really lost in a wilderness of semi-detached facts. It is Mr. Clark who observes that the development of communications, and the blessings which man derives from the process, can be as effectively prevented by monopolies in peace as in war. It is he who points out that increased mutual knowledge between nations by no means necessarily implies increased mutual amity—he instances the case of the English and the Dutch in the seventeenth century, and glances discreetly at some much more recent examples. And it is Mr. Clark who points out the real dangers of undiluted internationalism:—

"Just as there is a great deal to be said for the small shopkeeper against the big modern store, for the village against the big modern city, for the small and simple country against the 'great State,' so there will always be a case against the universal State. It is bound to bring with it, if it ever comes, a weakening of some of the valuable elements in life, and its success must depend on its avoidance of weakening too many or too much. Its advantages are primarily the advantages of good organization, but it will be exposed to the temptation which always besets the organizer of trampling on freedom and overriding the intimate prejudices which, if they make men conservative and mutually distrustful, give them also energy and self-respect."

Professor Oscar Browning years ago traced to this cause the real downfall of the Roman Empire. It is not a fatal argument against internationalism; but it deserves more attention than it usually receives from internationalists. And it suggests a conclusion which the reading of these four books tends to confirm—that the real quarrel is not between nationalism and internationalism but between warring conceptions of the true function of human life, or rather, perhaps, between those who feel the need of such definite conception and those who are content to float with the tide in an ignoble and disastrous agnosticism.



## ECONOMISE in your LIBRARY

INSTALL the book-shelving that adapts itself to your books, grows with the need and is added to by unit parts only.

## Get the book of the LIBRACO PORTABLE SHELVING

IT describes in detail this ingenious form of book-shelving—the shelving which may be extended at the minimum cost. Rigid, durable, reliable and good looking, for over fifteen years this shelving has been giving perfect service to thousands of book lovers.

Write Dept. N

**LIBRACO LIMITED**  
62 CANNON ST. LONDON, E.C.4

Manchester: Hunter-Libraco, 28, St. Mary's Parsonage.



THIS BOOK IS FREE

Speere

### AN IMPORTANT NEW BOOK

A fresh handling of the subject, with many distinctive features.

## A SHORT HISTORY OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH By RAMSAY MUIR

Professor of Modern History in the University of Manchester.

VOL. I. THE ISLANDS AND THE FIRST EMPIRE  
(TO 1763).

Medium Octavo, 824 pages, with Chronological Index, Cloth Boards, 17s. 6d. net.

The story of the British Commonwealth, regarded as a single whole, but also as a part of the greater commonwealth of Western civilisation. The story of a number of peoples gradually learning to live together in a free partnership, inspired by their common enjoyment of the institutions of political liberty.

To be followed by a Second Volume of similar dimensions which will bring the story down to the GREAT WAR.

PROSPECTUS ON APPLICATION.

"A standard work both for reading and for reference; he (Professor Muir) has an excellent narrative style, a gift of lucid exposition, and powers of interpretation and suggestion. A book of this kind has been badly wanted, and the need has been amply supplied."—*Glasgow Herald*.

A COMPANION VOLUME TO THIS WORK IS  
**PHILIPS' HISTORICAL ATLAS FOR STUDENTS**  
By RAMSAY MUIR, M.A.

154 Coloured Maps and Diagrams, etc., etc. Size 9 by 5½ inches, cloth, 10s. net, Quarter-leather, 13s. 6d. net.

**GEORGE PHILIP & SON, Ltd., 32, Fleet Street, LONDON, E.C. 4.**

## The FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

CONTENTS—JANUARY, 1921.

DEMOCRACY, BUREAUCRACY AND DOLES: A LETTER FROM BERLIN.

By ROBERT CROZIER LONG.

THE LEAGUE AT GENEVA.

By SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA.

By ROBERT MACHRAY.

THE CHANGING OUTLOOK OF TRADE UNIONISM.

By A. W. HUMPHREY.

THE NEW FRANCE.

By JOHN BELL.

EVOLUTION OR REVOLUTION? RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.

By J. A. R. MARRIOTT, M.P.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S SURREY HOUSES.

By T. H. S. ESCOTT.

A SERBONIAN BOG OF FINANCE.

By H. J. JENNINGS.

A VICTORIAN PROPHET.

By SIR HENRY CHARTRES BIRON.

THE SPLIT IN THE SOCIALIST MOVEMENT.

By JOSEPH GOLLOMB.

THE MIND OF MACHIAVELLI.

By MARY BRADFORD WHITING.

THE NEW ERA IN INDIA.

By STANLEY RICE.

ITALY AND THE UPPER ADIGE.

By DR. EMILIO RE.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS: THE LAST.

By ROWLAND GREY.

THE BOOK LOVER.

By THE DUC DE RICHELIEU.

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

By CAPTAIN H. B. USHER.

CORRESPONDENCE. MRS. HUMPHRY WARD MEMORIAL.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, LIMITED.

AN EXAMINATION OF PRESENT-DAY INDUSTRIAL AND ECONOMIC PROBLEMS BY ONE OF THE FOREMOST OF ECONOMISTS

## IMAGINATION, LABOUR, CIVILISATION.

BY

EINAR SUNDT.

Demy 8vo.

20/- net.

HEINEMANN

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO

LOCAL RESIDENCE.

RESIDENT PHYSICIAN.

Sun Lounge.

Turkish Baths.

Massage.

Lift.



## THE AUSTRALIAN WOOL PROBLEM.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

WHEN a country is engaged with a huge and rapidly expanding army in a war whose duration cannot be foreseen, one of the first preoccupations of its rulers must be to make sure of sufficient supplies of raw materials for clothing the fighting men. Some aspects of the Wool Control in this country have been the subject of keen controversy from time to time, but for the determination to secure adequate supplies of raw wool no one will blame the War Governments. It may, moreover, be found, when a history comes to be written of the commercial side of the conduct of the war, that the wool purchase scheme was, from the country's point of view, one of the more successful instances of State interference with business which the conditions of war brought about.

To put a long story in a few words, the Imperial Government agreed to take all the wool that Australian farmers could produce at certain appraisement values. These values were sometimes less than half the prices which, under the war circumstances of lower production and increased demand, the wool might have fetched in the world market. The Australian producer was assured of a market and of quick payment, and for the difference between the price at which the Imperial Government bought and the world price he was offered compensation in an agreement by which the Imperial Government undertook that the profits made by them on the wool should be shared in equal parts between the British Treasury and the Australian producer.

This was one of those rough-and-ready bargains contracted under the stress of war emergency. On the whole, it may be said to have worked, so long as the war lasted, as well and fairly as any such emergency arrangement could be expected to work, to the mutual advantage of both parties. Unfortunately, however, those responsible for wool supplies did not in 1918 foresee the rapid approach of peace, and continued to buy heavily for future army consumption. Under the circumstances it is difficult to see that they could have done otherwise. They were bound to make sure that their error, if any, was on the side of safety. As it happens they erred so far on the side of safety that the Government now has on its hands a surplus of no less than 1,800,000 bales, or, to speak broadly, a full year's Australian clip. According to an official statement by the Ministry of Munitions, "taking the wool at the purchase price, plus transport charges when incurred, the surplus assets of the Australian section of the Wool Purchase Account are estimated to amount to about £56,000,000." In the present depressed state of the wool market, the chance of disposing of this huge stock within a reasonable time would appear small, and the question arises: What is to be done with it?

In examining that question it has to be remembered that the interests of four separate parties have to be considered: the Australian producer, the wool industry, the British taxpayer, and the ultimate consumer. In a letter issued this week Sir A. Goldfinch makes it clear for the first time that the Australian growers have a right to a half share in these wool holdings (which now stand in the official books free of cost) and in the surplus cash in hand, which amounts to a large sum. The Australian growers and their Government have framed definite proposals for dealing with the matter. They ask two things: (1) That the Imperial Government shall hand over to them as quickly as possible the 900,000 bales, to which they have a claim, and their half of the cash surplus which has resulted from past transactions. They propose to capitalize these assets at £25,000,000, and to form a Co-operative Association, of which the proprietors will be the entire sheep farming community of Australia, the holding of each farmer being *pro rata* to the value of wool sold by him to the Imperial Government during the past four years. (2) That the British Government shall hand over to this Co-operative Association for sale on agency terms the British half of the carry-over of Australian wool—also about 900,000 bales. It is implied, presumably, that the British share of the cash surplus would be handed over at once to the British Treasury.

If, as we are officially told, the Australians have absolute right to their 900,000 bales and so much cash, then, since the Australians ask for it to be handed over at once, the British Government cannot do otherwise than comply with proposal (1). But when we come to the request that

the British 900,000 bales should be handled by the Australians for us on agency terms, we reach a question on which the British Government has a perfect right to say yes or no, and to decide upon its answer after reviewing the whole problem from the point of view of British interests, whether of the taxpayer, the wool trade, or the consumer. Sir Arthur Goldfinch states that "the conditions under which the wool was purchased, which were extremely favorable on the whole to British interests, were so framed that the Australian Government, on behalf of their wool-growers, are entitled to be consulted as to all the arrangements for the sale of all the wool purchased under the contract." Certainly. No reasonable critic would suggest that Australian interests in the whole affair should not be fairly and properly treated. But at the same time, if the British assets are to be entrusted to the proposed Australian Association for disposal, it is equally right and proper that British interests should be adequately protected. Sir Arthur Goldfinch says: "It may be taken as certain that Australia would not agree to any part of the wool being handed over by the Government for sale to any agency other than an Association in which Australia has very large representation. In effect something very much on the lines of the proposed Association is the only alternative to the Government retaining in its own hands the sale of the Australian wool." These sentences suggest two things. First, that there is an alternative to handing over the British share to be handled for us by Australia. The Government might itself unload its own stock as occasion served. Second, that if we acceded to Australia's full proposals, British interests ought to be strongly represented on the Association controlling methods of disposal. No one would wish to deny to the Australian grower his full rights under the wool agreement, or to do anything but humor his wishes to the fullest extent compatible with the observance of legitimate British interests. But if Australia claims a finger in the whole pie in any case (as Sir A. Goldfinch suggests), then surely Britain should have some voice in the disposal of that portion of the pie which is ours, and is handed over to Australia for disposal on agency terms.

It may be that the Australian proposals are the best possible, and that Sir A. Goldfinch is right in laying great stress on the difficulties, delay, and expense involved in dividing off the British share for separate treatment. But the problem is large and many-sided. The interests and sums of money involved are so considerable that the whole matter should be thoroughly thrashed out in Parliament before a definite answer is given to Australia. The Bradford Chamber of Commerce have asked that the Woollen and Worsted Trades should be consulted, but "I fear," replied Sir A. Goldfinch, "that time will not allow of this being done separately with each of the representative bodies." This reply suggests that the decision is to be rushed—a course to be strongly deprecated. For fullest consideration should be given, and expert advice taken on the issues involved, not only from the point of view of the woollen industry, but from that of the taxpayer and of him, who is too often forgotten—the poor consumer. In an official statement it has been said: "It is not the intention of the Minister of Munitions to recommend . . . any course likely to lead to the formation of a trust or combine which would adversely affect the interests of the consumer or those of British trade." But, after all, the Australian proposal can only be regarded by the consumer as the formation of a combine so to handle the wool surplus, that it shall not be unloaded fast enough to demoralize market quotations.

It may conceivably be the only way out of a difficult position. But, at the least, the consumer's point of view merits the closest attention, and this attention should be demanded in Parliament before a definite answer is sent to Australia. The essence of the problem is to get this raw material into the hands of manufacturers with an eye on the consumer's interests, but without utterly ruining the producer's market for new clips. Could not the problem of disposal be partially solved by the framing of a scheme for supplying wool on terms of long credit to needy manufacturers in parts of war-torn Europe, where recovery still waits upon the power to purchase raw materials on which to base a reconstruction of the export trade? Considerable surplus of other wool stocks are in the hands of the Government, apart from the Australian stocks now under consideration.

L. J. R.

**BRITISH-AMERICAN TOBACCO Co. Ltd.**

THE eighteenth annual meeting of the above company was held on the 30th ult. at the offices of the Company, 7, Millbank, S.W. 1, Mr. Joseph Hood, M.P., one of the deputy chairmen presiding.

The Chairman said: It is usual at our annual meeting to go through the various items in the balance sheet and make some comments thereon.

Taking the assets side of the balance sheet first, you will observe that the item—real estate and buildings at cost less provision for amortisation of leaseholds £541,986 6s. 2d., shows an increase of £66,538. Plant, machinery, furniture and fittings at cost or under £419,500 15s. shows a decrease of £40,853.

Goodwill, trade marks and patents stands at the same figure as last year, viz., £505,114 18s. 6d. Loans to and current account with associated companies, £7,194,957 12s. 2d., shows an increase of £1,127,433. This again is due to increased supplies to the associated companies and the replenishment of their stocks which had become depleted, together with additional advances to them. It is also, to some extent, due to the postponement of remittances owing to the adverse rate of exchange. Investments in associated companies, £11,356,132 1s. 11d., is also up by £2,644,432. Other investments, £607,922, is increased by £453,813, due to investments in War Bonds.

Stocks of leaf, manufactured goods and materials at cost or under, £7,021,185 3s. 6d., shows a reduction of £1,176,308. Sundry debtors (less provision for doubtful debts) and debit balances, £2,531,176 10s. 3d., is reduced as compared with last year by £241,538, because, as at the date of the balance sheet, less money is owing to us. Cash at bankers and in transit, £2,656,119 12s. 7d., shows a decrease of £1,280,854.

Turning to the liabilities side of the balance sheet, the issued capital of 4,500,000 Preference shares remains the same, but the issue of Ordinary shares has increased from 8,501,911 to 16,002,523. In April last we made an issue at par of one share in two, and in respect of that issue 4,264,484 shares were taken up by the Ordinary shareholders up to September 30th. In addition 21,500 shares had been issued to certain directors in January last, in pursuance of the authority given by the Articles of Association and the resolutions of the shareholders of May 19th, 1919, out of the 34,704 then authorized.

Beyond that there were issued 17,532 shares in response to belated acceptances of the offer of one in three made in June, 1919. In July last we made a further issue to the Ordinary shareholders of one share in four, in respect of which 3,197,096 shares had been accepted and issued up to September 30th last. The item of creditors and credit balances is reduced from £9,918,597 to £5,678,938. The increase in reserves for buildings, machinery and materials, £630,164 12s. 11d., is due to the ordinary provisions under this heading. The item is strengthened to the extent of £87,342. Provision for the redemption of coupons, £55,834 6s., shows a small reduction of £4,882. Special reserve, £1,198,727 4s., shows an increase of £41,739 17s., due almost entirely to a sum realized in respect of the liquidation of some shares in excess of the amount standing on our books. General reserve, to provide against possible losses arising from the war, £1,500,000.

That brings me to the last item, viz., the Profit and Loss Account. Last year we carried forward a balance of £4,912,733 12s. 1d., out of which we paid a final dividend of 6 per cent., amounting to £512,421 19s. 2d., which left us with a disposable balance of £4,400,311 12s. 11d. In May last the Directors purchased the 641,000 shares of the Garland Steamship Corporation at a cost of £475,437 19s. 0d., and in pursuance of Extraordinary Resolutions of the shareholders of May 10th last, this sum was written off and the shares of Garland Steamship Corporation distributed amongst the Ordinary shareholders.

In addition, the shareholders decided to capitalize £3,202,853. In pursuance of that resolution the Directors allotted up to September 30th, 3,197,096 shares at par, which amount is deducted from the disposable balance leaving £727,777 13s. 11d. To the £727,777 13s. 11d. the direct profits and dividends for the year, after deducting all charges and expenses for management and providing for Income Tax and Corporation Profits Tax and adjusting the liability in respect of Excess Profits Duty will have to be added, amounting to £4,879,177 3s. 3d., less Preference dividend of £225,000 and the four interim dividends amounting to £2,305,086 4s. 3d., which leaves a disposable balance of £3,076,868 12s. 11d., out of which the Directors recommend the distribution of a final dividend (free of British Income Tax) on the issued Ordinary shares of 9 per cent. amounting to £1,440,405 14s. 5d., leaving £1,636,462 18s. 6d. to be carried forward.

This final dividend of 9 per cent. will make 30 per cent. for the year upon the Ordinary shares which were in existence a year ago, and upon the others which have been issued since, the amount, of course, varies with the date of their actual issue.

I now formally beg to move the adoption of the Report and Balance Sheet for the year ended September 30th, 1920, including the payment of a final dividend of 9 per cent. upon the issued Ordinary shares (free of British Income Tax). The Directors have declared for the year 1920-1921 an interim dividend of 4 per cent. (free of British Income Tax), so that the shareholders will receive 13 per cent.

The resolution was seconded and carried unanimously.

G.  R.

MINISTRY OF MUNITIONS.

By Direction of the Disposal Board.  
(FURNITURE SECTION).

SURPLUS GOVERNMENT

**Office Furniture  
AND  
Domestic Items**

are being offered for sale at fixed prices at

**The Furniture Sample Room  
(Block J).****Earl's Court Exhibition, S.W.1.**

(Nearest Station: West Kensington, District Railway.)

*The Goods offered for sale include*

Plan Presses.  
Store Cupboards.  
Stationery Cupboards.  
Card Index Cabinets.  
Filing Cabinets.  
Bookcases.  
3ft. Bedsteads.  
3ft. Mattresses.  
Blankets.  
Folding Tables.

All items are priced according to condition.

Goods are delivered free (unpacked) within a radius  
of 20 miles of Charing Cross.Purchasers arranging their own delivery  
are allowed a discount of 10 per cent.FURTHER PARTICULARS can be obtained  
from the Furniture Sample Room at the above  
address.

NO CATALOGUES ARE ISSUED.

For further Particulars of other Government Property  
for Sale by Auction and Private Treaty

INCLUDING

Lands and Factories.  
Huts and Building Material.  
Furniture.  
Plant and Machinery.  
Medical and Chemical Stores.  
Watercraft and Dock Equipment.

etc., etc.,

See SURPLUS, Price 3d., on all Bookstalls.

JAN. No. 3s. 6d. net. 1921.

## THE HIBBERT JOURNAL

A Quarterly Review of Religion, Theology and Philosophy.  
EDITOR: L. P. JACKS, M.A., LL.D., D.D.

CONTENTS:

THE ENTENTE CORDIALE OF THE HUMANIST SPIRIT AS THE BASIS OF A LEAGUE OF NATIONS. By Foster Watson, D.Litt.

A LEAGUE OF CHURCHES. By Rev. Professor W. A. Curtis, D.D., D.Litt.

THE CALL OF THE BISHOPS, AS HEARD BY AMERICAN PROTESTANTS. By Rev. F. G. Peabody, D.D.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF ORGANISED RELIGION. By Mrs. J. W. Wootton.

MY NEW-THOUGHT BOYHOOD. By Charles H. Mallinan.

RELIGION AND IDEALISM AS PRESENTED BY GIOVANNI GENTILE. By Romolo Murri.

CROCE'S PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY. By R. G. Collingwood.

IS CONSCIENCE AN EMOTION? By Professor William M'Dougall.

MIRACLE INCONSISTENT WITH CHRISTIANITY. By Miss Dougall.

THE MIRACLES OF SADHU SUNDAR SINGH. By Rev. C. W. Emmet, B.D.

A CHRISTIAN SCEPTIC OF THE FOURTH CENTURY. By Margaret Leigh.

CATHOLICISM AND CIVILISATION. By G. G. Coulton, M.A.

ANTI-SEMITISM IN ENGLAND. By C. G. Montefiore.

DISCUSSIONS, SURVEY AND SIGNED REVIEWS.

WILLIAMS & NORCOTE, 14, Henrietta St., Covent Garden, W.C.2.

## THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

With which is incorporated THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW.

No. 661.

January, 1921.

### CONTENTS:

1. THE GENEVA ASSEMBLY. By Sir SIDNEY OLIVIER, K.C.M.G., C.B.
2. THE REVULSION IN GREECE. By Professor A. J. TOYNBEE.
3. THE RUSSIAN COMMUNIST PARTY. By H. N. BRAILSFORD.
4. SOME LEGAL ASPECTS OF THE WAR. By the Rt. Hon. Viscount CAVE, P.C.
5. WHAT IS CIVILISATION? By Professor W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE, F.B.A.
6. POLAND AND LITHUANIA. (i) By W. MAJDEWICZ and (ii) By a LITHUANIAN.
7. THE WORLD COURT OF JUSTICE. By WILLIAM LATEY.
8. CARL SPITTLER. By Professor J. G. ROBERTSON, Ph.D.
9. THE FUTURE OF THE CITY CHURCHES. By the Rev. Canon R. D. SWALLOW.
10. WILD LIFE IN WINTER. By FRANCES PITT.
11. THE DANGER OF THE AVERAGE STANDARD. By EMMA MARIE CAILLARD.
12. JESSE COLLINGS. By Professor J. G. SWIFT MacNEILL, K.C.
13. WORLD OF NATIONS: FACTS AND DOCUMENTS. THE HOHENZOLLERN FORTUNE. THE POSITION OF D'ANNUNZIO. ARGENTINE AND THE LEAGUE. KING CONSTANTINE'S DEFENCE. DANZIC AND THE LEAGUE. JAPAN, CHINA, AND KOREA. THE LITTLE ENTENTE.
14. LITERARY SUPPLEMENT:—THE POOR FAIRIES. By J. E. G. DE MONTMORENCY. REVIEWS: THE PEACE CONFERENCE. By Professor J. F. C. HEATHSHAW, LL.D.; BACKWARD PEOPLES; NEW LIGHT ON THE BALKANS; FLOWERS OF JUDAISM; ECCLESIASTICAL RECORDS.

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS.

LONDON:

Published for THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW Co., Ltd.,  
By BRITISH PERIODICALS LTD., 170, FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C. 4.

Price Three Shillings and Sixpence Monthly.  
All Rights Reserved.

## TRAVEL.

### PRIVATE SOCIAL TOURS.

(For Ladies and Gentlemen.)

Feb. 4.—ITALY. Rome, Venice, &c. 30 days. 79 gns.  
Feb. 17.—ALGERIA—TUNISIA. "GARDEN OF ALLAH." 31 days.  
96 gns.  
March.—SICILY and CALABRIA. 35 days. 98 gns.  
Programmes from MISS BISHOP, F.R.G.S., 159, Auckland Road, Upper  
Norwood, S.E. 19.

### NOTE.

Communications to THE EDITOR should be addressed to THE  
NATION, Editorial Offices, 10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.2.

Communications respecting subscriptions should be  
addressed to THE MANAGER, THE NATION, 10, Adelphi Terrace,  
W.C.2.

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Inland post free	12 months	£2 1 0
"	"	" 1 0 0
Foreign " "	"	" 2 3 0
"	"	" 1 1 6

All communications respecting Advertisements should be addressed  
The Advertisement Manager, "The Nation," 170, Fleet Street, London,  
E.C. 4.

"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors (THE NATION PUBLISHING CO., LTD.) by THE NATIONAL PRESS  
AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, E.C. 4, and published by BRITISH PERIODICALS LIMITED, at 170, Fleet-street, London, E.C. 4.  
All communications for the Editor must be sent to 10, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C. 2. SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1921.

## EDUCATIONAL.

### "Oaklea," BUCKHURST HILL GIRLS' SCHOOL.

ESSEX.

PRINCIPAL—

Miss  
BEATRICE  
GARDNER.

THE School is beautifully  
situated on high ground  
overlooking Epping Forest. Dis-  
tance from London (Liverpool  
Street), 10 miles. A well-graded  
education for pupils (9-18) is  
provided. The Programmes of  
the Parents' Union School are  
followed. A highly qualified staff is in resi-  
dence. Pupils prepared for the Senior Ox-  
ford, Higher Local, London Matriculation, and  
for Music and Art. Many recent successes.  
The School is divided into nominal houses,  
the organisation of which is largely in the  
hands of the girls. Particular attention is  
paid to the health and physical development  
of the pupils. Early applications for vacancies  
should be made.

Illustrated Prospectus on Request.

S. MARGARET'S SCHOOL, HARROW.—Girls, 8-18.  
Preparation for Matriculation. Education, with Residence, £125  
per annum; Education, without Residence, £40 approx. Entrance  
Examination, July.

## MEETINGS, &c.

Tuesday  
Jan'y 4  
7.30 p.m.

### A PUBLIC LECTURE

entitled

### "Seven Aids to Radiant Health"

will be given by

EDGAR J. SAXON

Editor of "The Healthy Life" Magazine, Mr. EUSTACE  
MILES, M.A., being in the Chair, at

Mortimer Hall, 93, Mortimer Street, London, W.1.

at the time and date given above.

ADMISSION FREE. : : COLLECTION.

The above lecture will be given under the combined  
auspices of The London Personal Health Society and  
The Nature Cure Association of Great Britain and Ireland.  
These represent a sane, significant and vital movement.  
Particulars at the Hall.

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY ORDER OF SERVICE.—  
Mortimer Hall, 93, Mortimer Street, W. Course of Public  
Lectures every Tuesday, at 8 p.m. Songs at the Piano: Minnie  
Williams, A.R.M.C.M. Admission Free.

THE NEXT STEP TO PEACE.—A Series of Lunch Hour  
addresses is to be given at Devonshire House, 136, Bishopsgate,  
E.C., on Mondays, from 1.20 to 1.50 p.m. January 3rd: "Personal  
Disarmament." Miss Theodora Wilson Wilson.

PUBLIC SPEAKING for all occasions.—Marion McCarthy,  
16, Hallam-street, Portland Place, W.1. Gerrard 8736.

## AMUSEMENTS.

EVERYMAN THEATRE, HAMPSTEAD TUBE STATION.

Every Afternoon, at 2.30, also January 1, at 8.15.

A NEW CHILDREN'S PLAY, THROUGH THE CRACK, with  
RENEE MAYER.

To-Night, at 8.15.

Miss ELLEN TERRY, in AN OLD ENGLISH NATIVITY PLAY.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

TYPEWRITING.—Authors' MSS., &c., typed by an educated  
woman with many years' experience. — Miss H. Stallybrass,  
100, Rushby Mead, Letchworth.



### BURBERRYS' HALF-PRICE SALE

January.

A CLEAN SWEEP OF ACCUMULATED STOCK  
Men's & Women's Suits, Weatherproofs, Overcoats.

NO PROFIT SEEKING.

Examples—

Weatherall Topcoats. Sale Price 4 Gns.  
Lounge Suits. Sale Price 4 & 7 Gns.  
Burberry Costumes. Sale Price 7 Gns.

SILK SALE.—Underwear, Outfit-  
ting, Night-wear, PIECE SILKS at HALF  
USUAL PRICES. All neatly Boxed.

Write for Men's and Women's Full Sale List.

BURBERRYS LTD. Haymarket  
LONDON S.W.1



3-18.  
£125  
ance

"  
E  
L.  
d  
d  
d.  
t.

CE.—  
Public  
finnie

Hour  
psgate,  
rsonal

arthy,

ON.  
with

PLAY.

ucated  
ybrass,

OCK  
coats.

ALF

List.  
arket  
S.W.1

L PRESS  
E.C. 4.